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THE DEAD SEA SCROLLS

W. R. TAYLOR

THE various scrolls and fragments discovered recently in a cave at the north-western end of the Dead Sea are now by fairly general agreement designated "The Dead Sea Scrolls." For reasons which will emerge in the course of this paper they constitute one of the most important discoveries of ancient manuscripts in modern times, and, unquestionably, the most important discovery ever made in Hebrew manuscripts. It is also of special archaeological significance that they are the first ancient manuscripts to be found in Palestine. One might compare with them such phenomenal finds as the discovery of the Codex Sinaiticus by Tischendorf one hundred years ago and that of the Chester Beatty Biblical Papyri in 1931, but the contributions of these Greek manuscripts to their field of literature, great as they are recognized to be, are relatively of less fundamental importance than those of these latest documents.

The full account of the discovery and the transactions which followed it cannot yet be told definitively; certain of the details are still obscure and may always remain uncertain. But the major facts are sufficiently clear. Apparently early in the spring of 1947 some Bedouins of the Ta'amira tribe chanced on a cave to the west of the Red Sea at its northern end near 'Ain Feshkha, and, entering the cave, they found some scrolls of leather or parchment lying among the fragments of broken pottery jars and, at least, two whole ones. Four factors seem to have contributed to the preservation of the manuscripts: first, the cave was situated high in the clifflike formation bordering the sea, hardly visible from below, and the approach to it was not easy; secondly, the mouth of the cave had in part collapsed; thirdly, the climatic conditions of the region are not unlike those of Egypt, which favour the preservation of materials against decay; fourthly, the manuscripts had, as it appeared, been wrapped in cloth and placed in jars, and the mouths of the jars had been covered with inverted bowls, as the pottery remains evidenced. The Bedouins, sensing that what they had found might have value, brought the scrolls to a Muslim sheikh in Bethlehem. The latter, being unable to read them and supposing that the script was Syriac, directed the Bedouins to a Syrian merchant of that town. He, in turn, reported the find to the Syrian Orthodox Metropolitan at St. Mark's Convent in Jerusalem, Mar Athanasius Jeshue Samuel, who, after some negotiations, purchased some of the scrolls. A few months later, in January, 1948, others were bought by Professor E. L. Sukenik of the Hebrew University. It is still uncertain whether all of the find is accounted for in the two sales, since we have as yet no complete evidence that the Bedouins or their agents have nothing more of it in their possession. Because of the disturbance in the political conditions in Palestine at the time, neither buyer was aware of the other's purchases, communications between the Arab and Jewish portions of Jerusalem having become impossible. The Metropolitan, finding that he could not appraise the contents or worth of his scrolls, and being unable to excite interest in them on the part of individuals whom he had consulted, sent them by one of his priests in February, 1948 to the American School of Oriental Research in Jerusalem. Their value was quickly recognized, and they were photographed by a member of the School, Dr. John C. Trever, who fortunately is an expert in the techniques required. The American School did not purchase any of the scrolls, but advised the Syrians to deposit them for safety outside of Palestine until better conditions should permit their return. In the autumn of 1949 the Metropolitan brought his scrolls to America; and, at present, one of them is in the Fogg Museum at Harvard University and the others are temporarily in the custody of Yale University. The insurance value, I am told, is set at one million dollars, twice the amount paid by the British Museum in 1933 in the purchase of the Codex Sinaiticus.

The scrolls number eleven in all, of which six came into the hands of Professor Sukenik and five into the possession of the Syrian Convent. Those five with which the American School of Oriental Research have had to do are as follows: (*a*) a parchment scroll of a total length of 24 feet 5/16 inches, containing, with the exception of a few lacunae, the whole of the *Book of Isaiah* arranged in 54 columns; its parchment sheets, 17 in all, vary in breadth from 10 to 25 inches and have an average height of 10⅚ inches; (*b*) a *Sectarian Manual of Discipline* embracing two scrolls, 6 feet 1¼ inches in length and 9½ inches in height, and written in 13 columns on 5 sheets of parchment; it contains a series of rules to be observed by the members of a Jewish sect together with the convenant of membership; (*c*) the text of the *Book of Habakkuk* with a section by section commentary, written on 2 sheets of leather and measuring in its damaged state 5 feet by 5½ inches; its purpose is to show how the evils which the nation and the righteous were suffering in the commentator's day had been foretold in detail by the prophet; (*d*) a scroll, 13½ inches high but still unrolled, which, as some fragments from its outer part attest, was written in Aramaic, and which seems to be either the lost *Apocalypse of Lamech* mentioned once in a Greek list of apocryphal books,[1] or the *Book of Noah,* a portion of which is embedded in the Book of Enoch.[2] The unrolling of this scroll, because the leather of which it is composed has jellied or fused and become a very brittle mass, is being attempted in the Fogg Museum by processes which may yield favourable results at the end of some six or more months. A few weeks ago the American Schools of Oriental Research published the Isaiah and Habakkuk scrolls reproduced in facsimile from unretouched photographs taken in Jerusalem in February and March, 1948.

The six scrolls which Professor Sukenik purchased consist of (*a*) four scrolls containing a collection of *Thanksgiving Hymns* to be sung after success in a battle with the enemies of "the Children of God"; some of the parchment sheets in this collection were folded in codex formation, indicating an early break in the traditional scroll formation; (*b*) a well-preserved scroll which deals with *The War of the Children of Light against the Children of Darkness;* "the children of light" consist of "Judah, Levi, Benjamin," and "the children of darkness" are said to be "the Edomites, Moabites, Amonites, Philistines, Cyprians and the Kittim of Assyria"; (*c*) a scroll, the sixth, containing the last third of the *Book of Isaiah,* chapters 40-66, in a form orthographically closer than the Isaiah scroll to the Massoretic Text through a reduction of the use of the *matres lectionis.* All of the eleven scrolls are in Hebrew, with the exception of the unrolled one, which, as I have noted, is in Aramaic. Sukenik has published to date only extracts from his scrolls.[3]

The study of the scrolls in all their aspects is confronted by a multiple number of problems of which some must await an answer for a term of years. Among these problems, the matter of the date or dates to be assigned to the scrolls has inevitably taken first place. Scepticism about their antiquity was voiced by Professor S. Zeitlin, the Editor of the *Jewish Quarterly Review,* in two articles of recent issues of his periodical in which he held that the scrolls were forgeries, produced possibly in the Middle Ages. G. Driver, a well-known English scholar, in the same journal, in the October issue of 1949, wished to suspend judgment as to a pre-Christian or a post-Christian dating of the scrolls until there had been a fuller examination of the texture and colour of the leather or parchment, an analysis of the ink, and a first-hand study of the script. However, before Zeitlin's and Driver's doubts had come into print, steps had already been taken to gather additional evidence that could bear on the matter of dating. During February and March of last year, Mr. G. Lankester Harding, the Director of Antiquities in Transjordan, and Père de Vaux of the Ecole Biblique, two expert archaeologists, conducted an excavation and a careful examination of the floor and contents of the cave.[4] They discovered that all of the pottery-ware in the cave was homogeneous and of a type that had been identified earlier in excavations at Beth-sur as late Hellenistic,[5] and that it consisted of the broken fragments of at least forty-nine jars and of an equal number of bowl-shaped covers. When the sherds were pieced together, it was apparent that the jars averaged originally two feet (60 cm.) in height and ten inches in diameter (interior measurement), and that the mouths of the jars were wide. It was also evident that each jar could have contained five or six scrolls of the size of those discovered in the cave. It can be presumed, therefore, that the cave at one time concealed in the jars a library of from 150 to 200 scrolls. This presumption becomes almost a certainty by reason of the fact that de Vaux and Harding found in the dirt of the floor of the cave six hundred manuscript fragments consisting of (*a*) portions of Genesis, Judges, Deuteronomy, and Leviticus, canonical Hebrew books, (*b*) a portion of the extracanonical *Book of Jubilees,* (*c*) a relatively large part of an unknown apocalyptic work, and (*d*) a great number of scraps of manuscripts whose identity cannot be determined. Out of the debris some bits of papyrus were collected, the first archaeological evidence of its use in Palestine.

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[1] *Jewish Encyclopaedia,* II, 4; E. Schürer, *Geschichte des jüdischen Volkes* (Leipzig, 1890), III, 358 ff.; J. C. Trever, "Identification of the Aramaic Fourth Scroll from 'Ain Feshkha" (*Bulletin of the American Schools of Oriental Research,* no. 115, Oct., 1949, 8-10).

[2] R. H. Charles, *The Book of Enoch* (1912), xlvii.

[3] *Jewish Quarterly Review,* XXXIX, April, 1949; XL, July, 1949.

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[4] R. de Vaux, "La Grotte des manuscrits hébreux" (*Revue biblique,* LVI, 1949, 586-609).

[5] O. R. Sellers, *The Citadel of Beth-zur* (Philadelphia, 1933).

These fragments are some in Hebrew, others in Aramaic; and the script is of different periods. Independently of de Vaux and Harding, there came earlier out of the cave two fragments of the *Book of Daniel* (Daniel 3:23-30 and Daniel 1:10-16; 2:2-6) of palaeographically different scrolls. Besides the Hellenistic jars, there were found in the cave two Hellenistic lamps, and only a handful of Roman sherds. The archaeological evidences indicate that the scrolls were placed in the jars at a time when late Hellenistic jars were in use, and that the scrolls, therefore, cannot be appreciably later than the period 200-50 B.C., after which Early Roman ware replaces Hellenistic.

The palaeographical evidences argue on independent lines for a similar conclusion. With one exception, the Leviticus fragment, the script is not the archaic type which appears in the Lakish Ostraca of the sixth century B.C. and on the seals of the Persian period. Nor is it like the square type which is seen in the graffiti of the Herodian period. Rather, it is of the earlier Judaeo-Aramaic type, which in Palestine was coming into general use in the fourth century before our era. But in a comparison of the scrolls with one another there appear certain variations in the script that point to differences in date. The closest epigraphical parallels to it are to be found in the Edfu Papyri of the third century B.C. and the Nash Papyrus for which a date about the middle of the second century B.C. is to be posited.[6] Since the script of the Isaiah Scroll is later than the former and slightly earlier than the latter, its date is somewhere in the first half of the second century B.C. The Sectarian Document, which is next in order palaeographically, can be dated in the second half of the second century, perhaps *ca.* 125 B.C. The Habakkuk Commentary, being appreciably later than it, can be set at *ca.* 75 B.C. The Sukenik scrolls, according to the evidence at hand, are approximately of the same date as the last mentioned. It must be emphasized, however, that the palaeographic date and the date of the original composition of any one of the scrolls in question may or may not coincide.

The contents of the scrolls and certain independent literary remains assist us in determining their *Sitz im Leben*. The documents clearly spring out of some division in Judaism over political and religious issues. In the Sectarian Scroll, the members of some party or brotherhood are sworn to loyalty to a covenant in which fidelity to Israel's faith in the face of persecution is the major obligation.[7] In the Habakkuk Commentary there is mention of those who are arrayed with "a Man of Lies" against those who follow "the Teacher of Righteousness." The enemies of the faithful are said to be "the Kittim." In Sukenik's manuscripts the division between the parties has taken the proportions of a Warfare between the Sons of Light and the Sons of Darkness. "The Sons of Light" consist of "the people of Judah, Levi, Benjamin" whose leader is a "chief priest" and "the Sons of Darkness" are "the people of Transjordan and of the Maritime Plain and the Kittim of Assyria and the Kittim of Egypt,"[8] i.e., the Seleucids and the Ptolemies; the Psalms of Thanksgiving are hymns to be sung by "the Sons of Light" after victory over their foes. The historical situation implied suggests immediately that of the Maccabaean period, 175-63 B.C., either in its earlier phase, the persecutions of Antiochus Epephanes, or in its later phase, when pious Jews such as the Pharisees were from the time of John Hyrcanus, 134, to the death of Alexander Jannaeus, 78 B.C., hostile to and, at times, in open warfare with the Maccabaean rulers. The presence in the cave of material from Daniel, Jubilees, and an unknown apocalyptic work evidences an interest of the owners of the manuscripts in the apocalypticism which flourished during the second century and later in circles of the Pious or *Chasîdîm*. The Roman period is too late—certainly too late for documents stored in Hellenistic jars.

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[6] W. F. Albright, "A Biblical Fragment from the Maccabaean Age" (*Journal of Biblical Literature,* LVI, 1937, 145-76); S. A. Birnbaum, "The Date of the Isaiah Scroll" (*BASOR,* no. 113, Feb., 1949, 33-5); "The Dates of the Cave Scrolls" (*ibid.,* no. 115, Oct., 1949, 20-2).

The nature and the purpose of the original deposit of the scrolls in the cave are matters for deduction from certain indirect evidences. The jars that contained them were practically uniform in size, shape, type, and quality of ware. They differ from other examples of late Hellenistic jars in the breadth of the mouth. It is conceivable that one potter fashioned them and that they were made by order for the purpose which they served, to receive scrolls. Such a thing need occasion no astonishment or incredulity since the custom of preserving documents in jars is well attested in ancient literature.[9] Jeremiah ordered Baruch to set a deed of purchase of land in a jar "that it may be kept for a long time."[10] In the late apocalyptic work, the Assumption of Moses, Joshua was instructed to put the testimony of Moses in a pot after having anointed it with oil of cedar.[11] It is interesting too that Origen in his *Hexapla* says that a translation of the Psalms together with some other Hebrew and Greek manuscripts was found in a jar near Jericho. In 1942 and 1944 Aramaic papyri, one as early as the sixth century B.C., were found in jars in Egypt. There are other examples both late and early.

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[7] J.-M. Paul Bauchet, "Une Page d'un des manuscrits du désert de Judée" (*Revue biblique*, LVI, 1949, 583-5).

[8] H. L. Ginsberg, "The Hebrew University Scrolls from the Sectarian Cache" (*BASOR*, no. 112, Dec., 1948, 20, 22).

[9] De Vaux, *Revue biblique*, 591-2.

Two other conclusions as to the purpose of the deposit can be drawn from both its location and the condition of its components. Clearly, it was not meant to be a library for use or consultation, nor did it function as a *genizah* or chamber where, according to Jewish custom, worn-out sacred rolls were stored to await burial, for the scrolls, at the time when they were deposited, were in a usable state. By the elimination of these hypotheses, we are led to the only opinion which recommends itself: the scrolls were selected and stored carefully in the cave in a time of peril for the owners in order to be hidden until better times should arrive.

It is pertinent now to recall that, through the accidental discovery in 1896 of the Hebrew documents of the Covenanters of Damascus,[12] we have knowledge of a radical schismatic Jewish sect, which arose in the Maccabaean period, and which was organized in more than one place. In course of time, the members of this sect separated themselves from all who did not share their views and follow their practices with reference to the Law, and eventually they withdrew from Palestine and went and lived in the neighbourhood of Damascus to follow a life patterned after that of Israel in the wilderness. They studied the Book of Jubilees and other apocalyptic works; they revered a Teacher of Righteousness, with whom the bulk of their nation was out of accord; they admitted members to their circles only on examination by a censor. The internal evidence of the scrolls favours the conjecture that the sect which produced and collected them is to be identified with this covenant sect in the period when it was on the eve of departing for its sojourn in the wilderness about Damascus.

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[10] Jer. 32: 14.
[11] Asmp. M. 1: 17.
[12] S. Schechter, *Documents of the Jewish Sectaries,* I (Cambridge, 1916).

The full import of the discovery of the Dead Sea Scrolls will be realized only in the course of some years of study. But, even now, the following matters of major significance have emerged from the texts which they present. (*a*) In the Isaiah Scroll we have a Hebrew manuscript of the Old Testament which antedates by one thousand years the Cairo Codex of 895 A.D., the oldest previously known. (*b*) For the first time we know that the form of the canonical Hebrew Text had been established by the second century B.C.; the text of the Isaiah scrolls shows no important differences from that of the Massoretes. In recent years studies in the history of the Hebrew Text, mainly under the guidance of Professor Paul Kahle, have led to a theory that the standardization of the Text was effected, first, in the seventh century under the influence of the Karaites, and then, later, in the ninth century by Moses ben Asher of Tiberias. But now it is apparent that in Palestine this work was already accomplished by the second century. (*c*) The preponderance of the use of Hebrew over Aramaic in the scrolls changes earlier opinions that the Hebrew literary tradition had in the two centuries B.C. ceased to flourish. (*d*) The apocalyptic books were written some in Hebrew, e.g., the fragment of Jubilees, and some in Aramaic.[13] (*e*) Since the text of the LXX Isaiah and that of the Isaiah Scroll, though almost contemporary, exhibit substantial divergences, we are taken back to the second century as the point from which we can begin to study the history of the regularizing of the canonical texts. (*f*) The LXX must no longer be studied as a variant of a *Textus Receptus,* but as a witness to an independent textual tradition.

The scrolls have significance also in other respects than their texts. They enrich greatly our knowledge of Hebrew palaeography in a period barren of palaeographic material. And in the light of their word-forms the traditional Massoretic theories as to Hebrew etymology and orthography and accent must be reviewed.

In short, the scrolls have effected almost overnight in certain major phases a new epoch in the study of an ancient language and literature.

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[13] Cf. the fragment of Daniel and the Noah Scroll.

THE LEGEND OF JACK DONNE THE LIBERTINE

S. ERNEST SPROTT

THE modern world, acquainted but narrowly with religious experience and uncomfortable at the conjunction of powerful reason with passion, sees in Jack Donne of London a "wild gallant" (Smith and Grierson), who during "some years of loose living" (Courthope) contracted at least one "criminal liaison" (Gosse) and "indulged in at least two more amorous adventures" (Fausset), until when he was thirty "the feaverish rounds of dissipation" (Moloney) were brought to an end by the "accident" (Grierson) of his marriage for love with a pure and faithful girl wife.[1]

The evidence on which this estimate is based is literary and historical. His poetry, having for many years circulated in manuscript, after his death was collected by friends and published; modern criticism has on the whole tended to agree with Grierson that "there can be no doubt that actual experiences do lie behind these poems."[2] In addition, descriptions drawn and judgments made of the man by his own age are extant still, to which the general response is probably not unfairly represented by Helen C. White's statement: Donne's "own verdict on his youthful license and what his contemporaries said of his life fully bear out the conclusion drawn from the poems themselves."[3]

But in a hunt of this sort, rather than pursue the quarry by the autobiographical tracks he left darkened in the woods of poesy, it is wiser in the first instance to ask directions from observers who saw him in flight. In this essay the suggestion is made that the Reverend Doctor's references to the sins of his youth are not to be accepted quite literally; that what his contemporaries said of his early life does not support the cleric's judgment; and that while we are free to walk in more paths than one, a track should be followed which leads in the direction indicated by the observers, the "love-song weeds, and Satyrique thornes" being passed but glancingly by.

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[1] J. C. Smith and H. J. C. Grierson, *A Critical History of English Poetry* (New York, 1946), 107; W. J. Courthope, *A History of English Poetry* (London, 1903), III, 148; E. Gosse, *The Life and Letters of John Donne* (New York, 1899), I, 75; H. L'A. Fausset, *John Donne: A Study in Discord* (London, 1924), 84; M. F. Moloney, *John Donne: His Flight from Mediaevalism* (Urbana, Ill., 1944), 23; H. J. C. Grierson, *The Poems of John Donne* (Oxford, 1912), II, xxxv.

[2] Grierson, *Poems of Donne*, II, xli.

[3] H. C. White, *The Metaphysical Poets* (New York, 1936), 102.

I

Donne's personality was not that of the witty talker, the glittering social star, and the reckless playboy. He indulged a habit of introspection which turned easily to morbidity and hypochondria; he wrote solitary in a room full of books;[4] his poems demand to be pondered upon, his letters are dull and sententious and stray into sermons in subject and cadence.[5] With rehearsal his wit flashed, but never his rapier. Having but "a very faint hold upon vitality,"[6] he was fain to conserve his animal forces with intellectual prowess; he consumed books of science, but never stayed to stuff a hen with snow to observe refrigeration. Sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought, he was no master of his fate; as his fortunes rose and fell so did his spirits; his life is a tale of indecision and prevarication—"I can do nothing constantly."[7] Everything he did he sought time to think about, before or after, and some things he thought about he never did, otherwise the author of *Biathanatos* had committed suicide before writing. His so-called unification of passion with reason is often the recollection of the former by the latter in tranquillity. He did not think with his finger-tips; he fingered experience with intellect.

Is it likely that such a man as this would actively bestir himself to contract immoral liaisons and to send versified recitals in the first and second persons to the partners involved? The proposal will awaken immediate protest: the situations in the poems are fictional, but the fact of his writing gives his approval to the ideas expressed, and since reflection on the nature of experience and of morality forbids a too easy separation of achieved and condoned activity the man remains a libertine still. The moral principle we admit; we debate its application to Donne by referring to his contemporaries' theories and practice of satire as the mirror wherein the reader beheld with remorse the vices and follies of the age realistically and dramatically castigated, by recalling his affirmation that "I did best when I had least truth for my subjects,"[8] and by advancing the possibility that the "Songs and Sonnets" (wherein, wrote honest Izaak Walton, is "all Philosophy") are most truly read as academic propositions and paradoxes by a contemplative desiring to love.

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[4] Note his habits of study at Lincoln's Inn and at Mitcham, and cf. "Satyre I," 1-4, and his letter, "To all my friends" (Gosse, *Life and Letters,* II, 7-9): "I am not the less alone for being in the midst of them all."

[5] See, e.g., the letters of the summer and autumn, 1608, and remarks such as "I must not give you a homily for a letter (*ibid.,* I, 179, 185, 229).

[6] *Ibid.,* I, 262-3.

[7] His description of himself in a letter to Goodyer, 1608 (*ibid.,* I, 192).

As in religion he surveyed the whole body of divinity several times over, and as in approaching his profession he many years debated pros and cons against fate and friends, so in love unsatisfied idealism constrained Donne to a "long choosing and beginning late." Was he not from youth seeking the love of the one woman who should be to him in actuality the hypothetical paragon of beauty and virtue celebrated by the host of Petrarchan and Platonic poets? Love for him was communion between souls which used bodies to make acquaintance and establish intimacy; it was immediate recognition of congruity; "first motions" were trustworthy, "scorn" impossible; the "tedious woo" of the courtly lover proclaimed the absence of the relationship; he, "Rebell and Atheist," would disbelieve and disenthrone the deity of such a love, and seek in the metropolis the embodiment of his ideal,

> Beauty with true worth securely weighing,
> Which being found assembled in some one,
> Wee'l love her ever, and love her alone. ("Elegie XVII," 81-3)

But in the London of Elizabeth's court, though he earned himself the reputation of being a "great visiter of ladies," and decked out his visible appearance "very neat," so that first impressions should be striking, no such woman could he find. Love that shattered his heart was to the "perverse sex" only a bodily event; the female had not a mind, did not know a heart, in the relationship. " 'Tis imposture all," he cried; and with the idealist's exaggeration, "No where lives a woman true, and faire." It would be easier not to love, not to involve the heart, but to "goe talke, and sleepe." This was love's progress.

There were other "problemes" to be written. Sometimes he loved a heart whose true love had been given elsewhere; thus the spider love poisoned life. His own inconstancy of reaction to a fair face cried out for explication; his own heart, not his body but his heart, could be shattered ten times in an hour by first sight of as many beauties. Could there be reason in the impasse? A principle of constancy within inconstancy? Is variety or lack of confinement in love, such as he saw at court, a natural law? Will logic fortify community? Is change a principle of the universe? State the case, with poetry, wit, and drama, and its opposite too, to see what it looks like; this is the sceptical method of "my doubtfulnesse."

---

[8] *Ibid.*, II, 215.

> I thought, if I could draw my paines,
> Through Rimes vexation, I should them allay.
> Grief brought to numbers cannot be so fierce,
> For, he tames it, that fetters it in verse.
> ("The Triple Fool," 8-11)
>
> To adore, or scorne an image, or protest,
> May all be bad; doubt wisely; in strange way
> To stand inquiring right, is not to stray;
> To sleepe, or runne wrong, is. On a huge hill;
> Cragged, and steep, Truth stands, and hee that will
> Reach her, about must, and about must goe;
> And what the hills suddennes resists, winne so.
> ("Satyre III," 76-82)[9]

II

An interpretation of the poems something like that offered here is demanded by the fact that none of Donne's contemporaries seems to have been sufficiently impressed by profligacy on his part to have recorded the crime.

The women with whom, forgetting the "Hee and Shee," he formed the close friendships which are a feature of his life, without exception were of notable families and unassailable reputations. It is unlikely that they would have accepted adulation from a pen that had been dipped in guile or homage from a man whose career, being stained, might by implication have slandered their virtue. Ben Jonson, the poet's "true friend," who enjoyed a tale of "venerie" if anyone did, apparently could not find anything spicy to tell William Drummond of Hawthornden in 1618; nobody seems to have perceived an impropriety when the news went round that "Mr. John Dvn is a Minister";[10] and it is tolerably clear now that the opposition of the Vice-Chancellor and some of the heads of Cambridge University to a doctorate for Donne was professional rather than moral or even doctrinal in basis."[11] In short, "Mr. R. B.," author of the elegy,

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[9] See too "A Valediction: Of the Booke," 28-36.

[10] George Lord Carew, *Letters to Sir Thomas Roe, Ambassador to the Court of the Great Mogul,* ed. by J. Maclean (Westminster, 1860), Letter I, Jan., 1615.

[11] See John Chamberlain's letter to Sir Dudley Carleton, March 31, 1615, in T. Birch, *The Court and Times of James the First* (London, 1849), I, 360.

"In Memory of Doctor Donne," which was printed with the first edition of the poems (1633), challenged would-be detractors from the poet's honour as heavily in the twentieth as in his own century when, after referring to the professional envy of "Clerkes," he declared:

> No, no, had DONNE need to be judg'd or try'd,
> A Jury I would summon on his side,
> That had no sides, nor factions, past the touch
> Of all exceptions, freed from Passion, such
> As nor to feare nor flatter, e'r were bred,
> These would I bring, though called from the dead:
> Southampton, Hambleton, Pembrooke, Dorsets Earles,
> Huntingdon, Bedfords Countesses (the Pearles
> Once of each sexe.) If these suffice not, I
> Ten *decem tales* have of Standers by:
> All which, for DONNE, would such a verdict give,
> As can belong to none, that now doth live.

Among the "Standers by" we may summon two who recorded their verdicts. The first is Tobie Matthew, who being converted to Roman Catholicism at Florence in 1606 was imprisoned on his return to England until 1608, and afterwards wrote of this period: "I had very many friends, who, out of courtesy, and much acquaintance, and some others also, who, out of curiosity, came to visit me very often; and particularly Sir Maurice Barkley, Sir Edwin Sands, Sir Henry Goodyear, Mr. Richard Martin, and Mr. John Dunne. . . . Both Dunne and Martin were very full of kindness to me at that time, though it continued not to be hearty afterward. By their discourses with me, when I was in prison, I found that they were libertines in themselves."[12]

This seems to be the earliest instance of the application of the word "libertine" to Donne, and its possible meanings must be borne in mind. In the seventeenth century its basic notion of "looseness" left it available for use not only in moral but also in religious and philosophic connotations, and so, according to the *NED*, the term is defined by R. Cawdrey in *A Table Alphabeticall* (1604): *"Libertine,* loose in religion, one that thinks he may doe what he listeth"; and by Thomas Blount in *Glossographia* (1656): *"Libertine (libertinus)* a free-man, one first-born or made free. Also one of loose life, or careless of Religion. . . . Libertinage: . . . licentiousness, Epicurism. In Divinity . . .

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[12] *A True Historical Relation of the Conversion of Sir Tobie Matthew,* ed. by A. H. Matthew (and E. Dowden) (London, 1904), 85-6.

Libertinism is nothing else, but a false liberty of belief and manners, which will have no other dependence but on peculiar fancy and passion." It could even be applied to metrics, as it was by Thomas Carew in his "An Elegie upon the Death of the Deane of Pauls":

> But thou art gone, and thy strict laws will be
> Too hard for Libertines in poetrie.

Unquestionably given European currency by Calvin's *Contre la secte des Libertins* against religious sectaries of his day, the word might, it is true, both in France and in England, suggest an immoral liberty of conduct in consequence of theological beliefs: "Some hold, that seeing man is justified by faith, he may live as he listeth; as the Libertines." But as Thomas Rogers shows *passim* in *The Catholic Doctrine of the Church of England* (London, 1607), from which these words are quoted,[13] "libertine" could be used in a sense primarily doctrinal; and even the French *libertins,* who were earlier "laicized" than the English, retained, as Viret and Garasse point out, a theological interest in Deism, while the positions of men like Montaigne and Charron show how libertine thinking could combine with adherence to the Catholic faith and an essentially moral outlook.

In a philosophical or religious sense the title "libertine" was inevitably applied to the free-thinking author of *Biathanatos,*[14] but was not in the seventeenth century (so far as I am aware of extant instances) referred to Donne's personal morals. Since the period at which he was visiting Matthew was in all likelihood the period in which he was meditating if not composing *Biathanatos,* Matthew's observation should probably be taken with a religious connotation. Matthew later went about publicly defaming Donne, mainly, it would appear, in Roman Catholic circles, and Donne, who was surprised by the rupture, found only religious differences between them.[15] Thomas Fitzherbert's aspersions on "M. Dunns Lucianicall and Atheisticall" humour[16] are likewise religiously motivated and directed, and should be read along with the Preface to *Biathanatos* (1646), in which

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[13] Ed. by S. J. J. Perowne (Cambridge, 1854), 118.

[14] "*Biathanatos* became a libertine document in the latter half of the seventeenth century"; G. Williamson, "The Libertine Donne" (*Philological Quarterly,* XIII, 1934, 277). This article should be consulted on Donne's philosophical libertinism.

[15] Gosse, *Life and Letters,* II, 136-7; I, 309-10.

[16] Thomas Fitzherbert, *Supplement to the Discussion of M. D. Barlowes Answere to the Iudgment of a Catholike Englishman* (1613), 106.

John Donne, Jr., explains that he published the work to prevent its being "fathered, by some of those wild Atheists."

Matthew's statement, then, may be allowed to inform us (what we knew already) that around 1608 Donne was an intellectual controversialist opposing the Roman Church.

Our second eye-witness will present evidence for an earlier period. He is Richard Baker, whose words, well known, but sometimes imperfectly appreciated, must be quoted in full:

> And here I desire the Reader's Leave, to remember Two of my Own old Acquaintance, the one was Mr. *John Donne,* who leaving Oxford, lived at the Inns of Court, not dissolute, but very neat; a great *Visiter* of Ladies, a great frequenter of Plays, a great writer of conceited Verses; until such time as King *James* taking notice of the pregnancy of his wit, was a means that he betook him to the study of Divinity; and thereupon proceeding Doctor, was made Dean of Pauls, and became so rare a Preacher, that he was not only commended but even admired by all that heard him. The other was Henry Wotton. . . .[17]

This passage, which bears a marginal title reading "Two Eminent Wits, Dr. *Donne* and Sir *Henry Wotton,*" and first appeared in print in 1643, is important because it is the testimony of an "old Acquaintance," and it appears to be correcting current impressions of the conduct of "Mr. *John Donne*" at the Inns of Court in that period fifty years before in which we are interested. It takes the form of a direct denial of dissoluteness, and a factual statement of the man's characteristics as his friend had known them. Perhaps it is fanciful to see in the italics in which *Visiter* is printed an indication of emphasis on the limited meaning of that word. But Baker is certainly saying, Mr. John Donne dressed with noticeable elegance, paid social visits to ladies, frequented the theatre, and wrote poetry which drew attention by its conceits; beyond this he had no reputation.

For the most part the elegists who broke into verse on the death of Donne and at the publication of his poems accepted this view of his life, feeling no incongruity in the appearance of "Poems, the *Looser sort,* with the *Religious.*" Bishop Henry King

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[17] Richard Baker, *A Chronicle of the Kings of England* (9th impression, London, 1696), 426-7. Italics in text. Cf. the less reliable evidence of Roger Tisdale's epistle to "the learned and Reverend John Donne," in his *The Lawyer's Philosophy: or, Law Brought to Light* (1622): "To your friends I was heretofore bound in duty, and (in our youthful society) to yourself in love. . . . I must ingeniously confess, as an ancient observant of your youth, that your young days were to me of as much admiration as those days are now of deserved reverence. . . ." Quoted in Gosse, *Life and Letters,* II, 163-4.

("I doe not like the office") said nothing at all about the Dean's early life or works. Doctor Corbet connected him with "the gallants of the towne" in virtue of his surpassing "wit," but in writing a poetical "Character" made no rake of him. Thomas Carew, after versifying a piece of penetrating literary criticism, characterized him as king of "The universall Monarchy of wit,' and "Apollo's first, at last, the true Gods Priest." Mr. Mayne of Christ Church in Oxford praised his wit, and the moving persuasion of the muse of his "yonger dayes." Izaak Walton saw only "all Philosophy" in his poetry and a moral lesson in the "Satyres."

The two dissentients from the common view were Thomas Browne and Sir Lucius Cary. The former, writing what was his earliest (extant) published work, "To the Deceased Author," was plainly worried lest in the printing of "Loose raptures" alongside "Sanctified" lines

wantonnesse should now, begin
Example, that hath ceased to be *Sin,*

though "knowing eyes" would

dare reade even thy *Wanton Story,*
As thy *Confession,* not thy *Glory.*
And will so envy *Both* to future times,
That they would buy thy *Goodnesse,* with thy *Crimes.*

Clearly this criticism accepts the poems as records of a way of life, and a similar interpretation is at the back of Cary's lines:

He labour'd to exclude what ever sinne
By time or carelessenesse had entred in. . . .
He conquer'd rebel passions, rul'd them so,
As under-spheares by the first Mover goe,
Banish't so farre their working, that we can
But know he had some, for we knew him man.[18]

But the authority of these two poems for biography is completely disallowed by the facts that not a single one of the authors of the elegies could have known Donne in the nineties[19] (Browne was not born until 1605), that Lucius Cary's poem is obviously derivative from Thomas Carew's, and that in the second edition of the *Poems* two years later Browne's lines were replaced by a Latin elegy composed by Daniel Darnelly, and English elegies by Godolphin and Chudleigh, the trend of which is to affirm that in the secular and sacred poetry

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[18] "Elegies upon the Author," in Grierson, *Poems of Donne,* I, 371-95.

[19] This remark applies also to Constantine Hughens, who as a member of the Dutch embassy may have known Donne from 1618 onwards, and in a letter of 1630 describes him as being among other things "experienced in the ways of the world" (Grierson, *Poems of Donne,* II, lxxvii).

> Honest to knowing, unto vertuous sweet,
> Witty to good, and learned to discreet
> He reconcil'd.

Donne's contemporaries, therefore, are either silent on his depravity, or openly deny it.[20]

III

How then was the legend of Jack Donne the libertine born? It arose, we suggest, from the pious Dean's self-condemnation "in his penitential years" when he had taken holy orders and entered the ascetic path to sanctitude. Objective observers report that religious converts commonly exhibit a tendency to exaggerate the darkness of the deeds they did before they entered into light. Augustine, to whom Donne is likened by Walton, and John Preston and John Bunyan, who belong to the Dean's own century, may serve as characteristic examples of the phenomenon. James's contemplative chaplain, "crucified to the world," "alwayes preaching to himself," "confessing himself to God," enjoyed the personality and background out of which it would, indeed, be strange if this type of behaviour did not develop.[21]

Consequently those passages in the sermons which decry sins of youth and which may so easily be taken as autobiography[22] must not be allowed the full force of accurate descriptions of Jack Donne of Lincoln's Inn. It was part of Donne's theory of preaching that in Christian humility the preacher ought to impute nothing to another that he would not confess of himself; that "to preach out of our own history, so far as to declare to the congregation to what manifold sins we had formerly abandoned ourselves," was to demonstrate "how powerfully the Lord was pleased to reclaim us" (a traditional evangelical practice); but the auditory was warned against misinterpretations.[23] So too what Donne says in sermons of the "scandal" one man lays on another by "publishing" his sin is in need of sympathetic understanding: ". . . for so, my sin becomes theirs, because they sin my sin by example, and we aggravate one another's sin, and both sin both."[24] It is clear that the Dean knew he had written works which could do harm, and he knew his audience knew, for the congregation at St. Paul's would have thought him to refer to his own productions of wit when he uttered such sentences as these:

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[20] As early as 1597 his friends had been accustomed to receive from him religious and moral advice; see his "earliest known prose letter," reprinted in E. Simpson, *A Study of the Prose Works of John Donne* (Oxford, 1924), 284-5; the "Satyres"; and the verse letter "To Sir Henry Wotton" ("Sir, more then kisses . . .").

[21] A psychologist could probably find a guilt complex in a passage such as that in the sermon on Psalm 6: 8-10 (*The Works of John Donne, D.D.*, ed. by H. Alford (London, 1839), II, 497): "If one should come and tell thee, that he looked through the door, that he stood in a window against thine, and saw thee do such or such a sin, this would put thee to a shame, and thou wouldst not do that sin, till thou wert sure he could not see thee."

[22] E.g., *Works*, ed. Alford, II, 287-8, 546; III, 161-2; *Donne's Sermon of Valediction at His Going into Germany* . . . , ed. by E. M. Simpson (London, 1932), 42-3.

> . . . their sin, that shall sin by occasion of any wanton writings of mine, will be my sin, though they come after. . . .
>
> . . . we make satires; and we look that the world should call that wit when God knows, that that is in a great part, self-guiltiness, and we do but reprehend those things, which we ourselves have done, we cry out upon the illness of the times, and we make the times ill.
>
> The wit of our time is profaneness.[25]

Yet self-damnation is wont to be subtle judgment. In 1598, while he was still composing the satires which he might be thought in 1627 to revoke, he was harking back, in the lines "To Sir Henry Wotton," to his "youths giddiest dayes"; about 1599, in "To Mr Rowland Woodward," he was bemoaning his "love-song weeds, and Satyrique thornes"; and around 1600 he professed shame for his elegies and paradoxes.[26] In short, he continued to sin in his poetry, and to whip himself for it, and to sin again, until in 1614 he had even decided (he wrote to Goodyer) to run the risk of "publishing."

Much of Donne's distrust of poetry springs not from the temptation a wanton subject-matter may provide, but from a fear that it mishandles the truth and its practitioner is a somewhat disreputable figure. He was accustomed to mock the Roman Church by terming its doctrines "a piece of poetry,"[27] and from

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[23] *Works*, ed. Alford, IV, 312; II, 531, 532.
[24] *Ibid.*, II, 550.
[25] *Ibid.*, IV, 350; IV, 484; VI, 271.
[26] In a letter to Wotton reprinted in Simpson, *Prose Works*, 298.
[27] *Works*, ed. Alford, III, 318: ". . . as Melanchthon said, when he furthered the edition of the Alcoran, that he would have it printed, *Ut videamus quale poema sit*, That the world might see what a piece of poetry they have made of this problematical point of divinity." Cf. *Pseudo-Martyr* (London, 1610), 105-6.

1612 onwards he deplored his "decline" into publication, his "relapse" from a "graver course" than that of a poet, and his "descending to this expressing of himself in verse,"[28] and he aligned himself with the tradition (as old as Plato) which held the poet to be a liar and versifying an indignity. The attitude was common in the seventeenth century, as numerous prefaces declare, and the letter of John Chamberlain relating to Donne and his poetry: "reasonable wittie and well don, yet I could wish a man of his yeares and place to geve over versifieng."

IV

So the Dean himself must be blamed if the public came to think of him as a sinner reclaimed; but an accomplice in the forgery was his earliest biographer, Izaak Walton, whose famous *Life* (1640) handed down to posterity just this impression of its subject.[29]

The art of biography was young, and honest Izaak neither skilled nor unprejudiced. He was born in 1593, too late to have known Donne in his youth; it was thirty-five years later, as a parishioner of St. Dunstan's, that he became a friend, and he continued his devoted adoration when Donne came to his deanery. There was nothing more natural therefore than that, in a life that was to stand preface to a collection of sermons by the saint, the writer should tell the story which the holy man himself, as friends recalled in conversation, had indicated was his history.

Walton appears, moreover, to have changed his attitude to the early Donne after 1633. Prompted perhaps by clerical intimates who had overheard Donne's death-bed disavowal of "innocencie of life," as he himself may not have done,[30] in the 1635 version of his elegy he conceded Donne's youthful poetry to express not, as it seemed in 1633, "all Philosophy," but only "Loves Philosophy," and in the *Life* Donne appeared not simply as the successful satirist of sin, but clearly as the repentant sinner, enduring "many strifes within himself concerning the strictness of life and competency of learning required of such as enter into sacred orders," being wrestled with by "God that is able to prevail," and at length being brought to a state of grace in a manner which reminded Walton of the very saints Augustine and Saul who became Paul.[31]

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[28] Gosse, *Life and Letters,* I, 302; II, 79, 127.

[29] Cf. *ibid.,* I, xii: "The early part of Walton's "Life of Donne" . . . is largely Donne's own report of the incidents of his career." Walton was intimate with Donne "for some months (as I conjecture), in 1629 and 1630."

[30] The account of Donne's confession to Bishop Morton of "some irregularities of my life" is an insertion in the second edition of the *Life* (1658). See, too, John Butt, "Izaak Walton's Methods in Biography" (*Essays and Studies by Members of the English Association,* XIX, 1934, 67-84).

This is the typical convert story, except for the important detail that, contrary to what one would expect had the story reached the narrator from the convert himself or from persons who were impartial observers, colourful facts of the "irregular youth" are omitted, and all Walton will offer to stigmatize the Lincoln's Inn Donne is hints and dubious interpretations:

> About the seventeenth year of his age, he was removed to London, and then admitted into *Lincolns-Inne,* with an intent to study the *Law;* where he gave great testimonies to his Wit, his *Learning,* and of his Improvement in that profession: which never served him for other use then as an Ornament and Self-satisfaction. . . .
>
> [At Lincoln's Inn] he had been a *Saul,* though not to persecute Christianity, or to deride it, yet in his irregular youth to neglect the visible practice of it. . . .
>
> Nor was his age only so industrious but in the most unsetled days of his youth, his bed was not able to detain him beyond the hour of four in a morning: and it was no common business that drew him out of his chamber till past ten. All which time was employed in study, though he took great liberty after it. . . .
>
> The recreations of his youth were *Poetry,* in which he was so happy, as if nature and all her varieties had been made only to exercise his sharp wit, and high fancy; and in those pieces which were facetiously Composed and carelessly scattered (most of them being written before the twentieth year of his age) it may appear by his choice Metaphors, that both *Nature* and all the *Arts* joyned to assist him with their utmost skill.

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[31] Cf. Donne's use and translation of Augustine in a sermon (*Works,* ed. Alford, IV, 370): "St. Augustine out of an abundant ingenuity, and tenderness, and compunction, confesses of himself, *Ne vituperarer, vitiosior fiebam,* I was fain to sin, lest I should lose my credit, and be undervalued; *Et ubi non suberat, quo admisso, aequarer perditis,* When I had no means to do some sins, whereby I might be equal to my fellow, *Fingebam me fecisse quod non feceram, ne viderer abjectior, quo innocentior,* I would belie myself, and say I had done that which I never did, lest I should be undervalued for not having done it. *Audiebam eos exaltaltes flagitia,* says that tender blessed father, I saw it was thought wit, to make sonnets of their own sins, *Et libebat facere, non libidine facti, sed libidine laudis,* I sinned, not for the pleasure I had in the sin, but for the pride that I had to write feelingly of it." Cf. *Essays in Divinity* (London, 1651), ed. by A. Jessopp (London, 1855), 79-80; and Donne's letter from court about 1600 (Simpson, *Prose Works,* 291): "I am there now where because I must do some evill I envy yr being in ye country not that it is a vice will make any great shew here for they liue at a far greter rate & expence of wickedness. but because I will not be vtterly out of fashion & vnsociable."

> It is a truth, that in his penitential years, viewing some of those pieces that had been loosely (Gods knows too loosely) scattered in his youth, he wish't they had been abortive, or so short liv'd that his own eyes had witnessed their funerals: But though he was no friend to them, he was not so fallen out with heavenly Poetry as to forsake that: no not in his declining age; witnessed then by many Divine Sonnets, and other high, holy and harmonious Composures.[32]

Possibly Walton was suppressing incriminating details; possibly he knew none, and there was no truthful witness whose memory could furnish any.

Whatever the truth about details, the *Life* is undoubtedly an apologia for the churchman, and in subsequent editions alterations to what had purported to be Donne's own words are clearly in the direction of emphasizing the dying saint's confession with further exaggeration of his "sins and misery" and the glorification of the mercy of God who had forgiven them.[33] In the absence of a more widely known tradition to the contrary, the persuasive tale would make it inevitable that readers of the much-printed passionate "Songs and Sonnets" who had never known their author in his youth would now accept them as a confession of his practice or belief.

V

It was possibly to right the influence of the *Life* of 1640 that Richard Baker described Mr. John Donne in his *Chronicle* of 1643; but Walton's was a more winsome voice than many a better historian than Baker could have subdued and the words of the chronicler went unheeded to our own day. Biography of Donne after this last protest followed Walton almost to the letter, and Thomas Fuller no doubt articulated the general position when he wrote in his *Church History of Britain* of "Doctor Donne . . . whose life is no less truly than elegantly written by my worthy respected friend Mr Isaac Walton, whence the Reader may store himself with further information."[34]

Only Edward Phillips showed signs of an independent tradition or of sufficient courage to record it. In his *Theatrum Poet-*

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[32] *The Lives of John Donne, etc.* (World's Classics, 1927), 24, 52, 67, 60-1.

[33] Cf. the different versions of Donne's confession to the friend who asked, " 'Why are you sad?' "

[34] *The Church History of Britain: From the Birth of Jesus Christ untill the Year MDCXLVIII* (London, 1656), 112. Cf. his brief remarks on Donne in *The History of the Worthies of England* (London, 1662).

arum, or a Compleat Collection of the Poets (1675) he wrote as follows:

> John Donne, a Student in his younger years in *Lincoln's Inne,* whither he betook himself from the University of Oxford; but instead of poring upon teadious Reports, Judgments and Statute Books, he accomplisht himself with the politer kind of Learning, moderately enjoy'd the pleasures of the Town, and frequented good Company, to which the sharpness of his Wit, and gayety of Fancy, render'd him not a little grateful; in which state of life he compos'd his more brisk and Youthful Poems, which are rather commended for the heighth of Fancy and acuteness of conceit, then for the smoothness of the Verse. At last by King *James* his command, or rather earnest persuasion, setting himself to the study of Theology, and entring into Holy Orders. . . . (pp. 106-7)

The "moderately" of this paragraph seems to make a concession and to rebuke an excess; but on what authority Phillips rests his statements I have not been able to discover.[35] The literary appraisal of the verse is that of a typical Restoration critic. The notion that James was responsible for Donne's undertaking theological study had appeared in Baker's *Chronicle,* but the word "persuasion" is twice used by Walton, and Phillips may mean no more than that, as Walton narrates it, Donne was persuaded by James to enter the ministry, "which though he then denied not, yet he deferred it for almost three years. All which time he applied himself to an incessant study of Textual Divinity, and to the attainment of a greater perfection in the learned Languages, *Greek* and *Hebrew.*"[36]

In his century Phillips won two followers, whose testimony, however, being wholly borrowed, is of no independent value. It is clear from verbal similarities that Phillips' account has been copied and combined with that of Walton by William Winstanley, author of *The Lives of the Most Famous English Poets* (London, 1687), from which come the following passages:

> From *Oxford* he was transplanted to *Cambridge,* where he much improved his Study, and from thence placed at *Lincolns Inn,* when his Father dying, and leaving him three thousand pound in ready Money; he having a youthful desire to travel, went over with the Earl of *Essex* to *Cales.* . . . (p. 118)

> . . . he receiving a Portion with his Wife, and having help of divers friends, they lived very comfortably together; And now was he frequently

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[35] Phillips was responsible for a continuation of Baker's *Chronicle* which was published in 1660.

[36] *Lives,* 46.

visited by men of greatest learning and judgment in this Kingdom; his company desired by the Nobility, and extreamly affected by the Gentry: His friendship was sought for of most foreign Embassadors, and his acquaintance entreated by many other strangers, whose learning or employment occasioned their stay in this *Kingdom.* In which state of life he composed his *more brisk* and *youthful Poems;* in which he was so happy, as if Nature with all her varieties had been made to exercise his *great Wit* and *Fancy.* . . .

[Thy youth] *was thy later years, so much refin'd,*
From youths dross, mirth, and wit, as thy pure mind. . . .

At last, by King *James's* his command, or rather earnest persuasion, setting himself to the study of *Theology,* and into holy *Orders.* . . . (p. 119)

The first of these passages stems from Walton, and its omission of Phillips' "moderately enjoy'd" is no more authoritative than the second passage's application of "In which state" to the period of Donne's married life. The first part of the second passage is Walton, and the last, of course, Phillips again. In such an assortment of derivations, little attention need be spared for the "dross" of the couplet.

The second biographer who mixed Phillips and Walton (but in the right proportions), as well as Waller and Dryden, was Sir Thomas Pope Blount, who in his *De Re Poetica* quoted verbatim the passages from Phillips relating to Donne at Lincoln's Inn, and followed them with the "Recreations of his Youth" passage from Walton, the judgment of "The *Publisher* of Mr. *Waller's* 2*d* Part of his *Poems,* in the *Preface*" that Donne's verses were "the most harsh, untunable things in the world," and transcripts of two critical paragraphs from Dryden, acknowledging by name the last three but not the first authorities.[37] Perhaps some small additional weight may be allowed Blount's acceptance of "moderately" by the consideration that he had been the author (behind initials), of a volume entitled *Animadversions upon Sir Richard Baker's Chronicle and Its Continuation* (Oxford, 1672), in which he had many things to remark, but none of them contrary to Baker's account of Donne. With the *De Re Poetica* the Phillips tradition seems to have evaporated.

Meanwhile, in 1692 Anthony à Wood published his *Athenae Oxonienses,*[38] which is probably a good representation of the reputation of Donne the man at the end of the century, and specifically illustrates how Walton still lay "in the hands of every reader." Wood was an indefatigable dog at a bone, and had there been in his world the most tenuous wisp of a bad odour from the corpse of Jack Donne he would have smelled it out, and (as his remarks on John Donne, Jr., betray) have barked upon it.

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[37] *De Re Poetica: or Remarks upon Poetry with Characters and Censures of the Most Considerable Poets, Whether Ancient or Modern* (London, 1694), Pt. II, 67-8.

[38] Ed. by Philip Bliss (London, 1815).

> John Donne, a person sometimes noted for his divinity, knowledge in several languages and other learning. . . . After he had continued there [at Lincoln's Inn] two years in exercising his poetical fancy he began to survey the body of divinity. . . . He was a person of great wit, virtue, and abilities, learned in several faculties, and religious and exemplary in his life and conversation. In all which being eminent, he was therefore celebrated, and his memory had in great veneration by the wits and virtuosi of his time. . . . (II, col. 502)
>
> Our author Dr. Jo. Donne left behind him a son of both his names, but of none of his virtues, manners, or generous qualities, and therefore by many his memory is condemn'd to utter oblivion, while that of his father flourisheth in the history of his life, written by Izaac Walton. . . . (col. 504)
>
> Donne's life written by Walton, and enlarged with notes and extracts by Dr. Zouch, is in the hands of every reader, and supersedes the necessity of extending the present article. (col. 505)

VI

Apart from casual references to Donne which simply name him, sometimes with an indecisive epithet, the above accounts are the only biographical treatments of him in the century,[39] and indeed for some time after. With the passage of years, when all that was apparent of the person was his posthumously appearing verse and prose, critical interest, and with it knowledge, turned aside from the man and increasingly confined itself to his writings. He was now only a memory, reanimated constantly by Walton's love-piece, and haunting the recollections of a few elderly survivors, but for most people wearing an image dimmed by time, titled anonymously "learned Donne," "Dr. Donne," one of "those prodigious Wits of this last age," and to critics such as the editor of Waller and to Dryden, "the greatest wit, though not the best poet" because of his "rough cadences."

Finally in the eighteenth century Dryden's note of the perplexity for love of the metaphysical avowal was enlarged by Johnson, in the *Life of Cowley,* to wholesale condemnation, and the "very great wit," appearing now "far-fetched," "unnatural," grossly absurd," "sometimes indelicate and disgusting," entered with the poetic glory and the living man into a near oblivion. In the seventeenth century the *Poems* had seven printings, in the eighteenth only three. An editor who printed a selection of Donne's "love poems, and other levities and pieces of humour" mentioned him hurriedly as a divine "of great merit";[40] and as the century closed the second edition of the *Biographia Britannica* completed the cancellation: "The name of Dr. Donne is now more generally known as a poet than in any other capacity, though none of his poetical works are read at present, excepting his Satires . . . modernized by Mr. Pope."

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[39] I have not had access to Winstanley's *England's Worthies* (London, 1684).

VII

It was now the office of the sermons and sacred poems to resuscitate their enfeebled author, for, although occasional selections from his work appeared in one or another of the numerous miscellanies of the period,[41] from Coleridge onwards the most substantial efforts toward his recovery were the labours of divines or men divinely minded. In the Victorian years, Donne's coarseness and seeming immorality troubled many. Some endeavoured castigation ("poisoning the wells of a nation's literature and spreading moral death through generations yet unborn"[42]), some excuse ("only the innocent amusement of his youth"[43]), some history ("his grossness was the heritage of his time"[43]), some toleration:

> The personal character of Donne is generally represented to us to have undergone a great change, between his youth and the time when he entered holy orders. This representation is countenanced by the uniform tenor of deep penitence with which he speaks in his Sermons of his former life; and by the licentiousness of some of his poetical pieces. It would be wrong, however, to infer moral depravity solely from the latter circumstance, as this strain was in keeping with the prevalent taste of the times; and the object addressed in the Love-poems of the day, and the circumstances introduced, were often both equally imaginary. That his manners were the manners of the court and the society in which he lived, is the most reasonable and the most charitable sentence; and the reader who values what is truly valuable, will rather consider the holiness

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[40] Robert Anderson, ed., *Complete Edition of the Poets of Great Britain* (London and Edinburgh, 1792-1807), IV, 1-5.

[41] See the incomplete but long list of such works compiled by Roland B. Botting, "The Reputation of John Donne during the Nineteenth Century" (*Research Studies of the State College of Washington,* IX, 1941, 140).

[42] J. B. Lightfoot, "Donne, the Poet-Preacher," in *Classic Preachers of the English Church* (London, 1877), 8.

[43] Quoted by Botting (*Research Studies,* 161, notes 125, 126).

and purity of his more mature years than any reproach which report or his writings may have fixed on his youth.[44]

But however he was judged, from the Introduction to the *Works* by Alford, who declared that his chief interest lay in the sermons, to the biography by Jessopp, who confessed his slight appreciation of the poetry, the man who wrote both poems and prose was still playing the role he held when last we saw him: "John Donne, sometime Dean of St. Paul's," and fittingly continued to be introduced by his former vestryman Walton, assisted by Dr. Zouch.

With relaxation of Victorian morality, this picture of Jack Donne could be accepted, and perhaps, it was thought, even understood. Scholarly reasons were discovered for his sensuality, and a decade or two later he had acquired sincerity, psychological discernment, and sensibility really quite as unified as that of the twentieth century. Now his seeming morality affected few. If it did, have we not seen men noted for the bawdiness of their undergraduate verse in our own time become converts to the Anglo-Roman Church? Anyway, Donne the man was a sceptic and a libertine, in the modern, moral, that is, immoral, sense.

Undoubtedly, semantic factors assist the survival of the legend. With the present general meaning of "libertine," the word has only to be rolled on a modern tongue to libel the old lover into all lechery, as it does when so good a scholar as Grierson comments on "the accident which made of the earlier libertine a devoted lover and husband."[45]

The word "wit" too, which associates so readily with thoughts of Donne, has changed its function in human discourse. In the early seventeenth century its predominant intention was that of man's reasoning power, more particularly when this was so acute as to make the man a genius, such a person being termed in fact a "wit."[46] Other meanings were, according to the *NED*: "Quickness of intellect or liveliness of fancy, with capacity or apt expression; talent for saying brilliant or sparkling things, esp. in an amusing way";[47] "that quality of speech or writing which consists in the apt association of thought and expression, calculated to surprise and delight by its unexpectedness"; "later always with reference to the utterance of brilliant or sparkling things in an amusing way"; and parallel with this, "a person of lively fancy, who has the faculty of saying smart or brilliant things, now always so as to amuse; a witty person." These two last are our modern meanings, and the earliest instances which are listed by the *NED* are of 1774 and 1692 respectively.

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[44] *Works,* ed. Alford, I, xxiv.

[45] *Poems of Donne,* II, xxxv.

[46] Henry More, *An Antidote against Atheism* (London, 1653; 4th ed., 1712), III, xi, 124: "Cartesius, that stupendious Mechanical Wit"; Bacon, in a letter to Dr. Playfere in *The Letters and the Life of Francis Bacon,* ed. by J. Spedding, III (London, 1868), 301: "I have only taken upon me to ring a bell to call other wits together"; John Hall, *A Humble Motion to the Parliament of England Concerning the Advancement of Learning* (London, 1649): "What better way to your profit, then to command abundance of fruitfull wits, which shall every day bud forth with some invention, . . . when mechanicall knowledge shall be multiplied and abbreviated. . . ."

Thus when Donne's contemporaries referred to him as a "wit" they probably meant approximately what we should denote by "intellectual," or "member of the intelligentsia"; they did not think of him as a humorous conversationalist, much less as a purveyor of that timid obscenity which forms the subject of much restored-Restoration "wit" of recent decades. But legends cannot wait for dictionary-makers to get round to *W*.

[47] Note that the *NED*'s earliest example which clearly involves amusement is from Morgan in 1777, while Boyle (1665) appears to expect quite other features: "That nimble and acceptable Faculty of the Mind, whereby some Men have a readiness, and subtility, in conceiving things, and a quickness, and neatness, in expressing them, all which the custom of speaking comprehends under the name of Wit."

ALBERT CAMUS: TOWARD A DEFINITION OF TRAGEDY

HASKELL M. BLOCK

Dans l'expérience absurde la tragédie est individuelle. A partir du mouvement de révolte, elle a conscience d'être collective. Elle est l'aventure de tous. . . . Le mal qu'éprouvait jusque-là un seul homme devient peste collective. REMARQUE SUR LA REVOLTE.

LET us admit that violence and suffering do not in themselves constitute tragedy. Camus' description of the treatment of innocent Frenchmen, including a youth of sixteen, on the way to execution by the Germans, may evoke pathos and indignation, but tragedy calls for a larger canvas. The reader or spectator cannot feel himself to be outside the action; he must be caught up in the tensions and pressures that impel struggling man toward destruction, a consummation wherein he finds his definition and his stature.

I do not mean that we identify ourselves with the tragic hero in any simple way. We do not *become* Oedipus or Lear, but we must feel implicated in their destiny. The action, then, must be significant: it must in some way express or reveal man's essential condition, and must artistically involve the emotions and attitudes of the spectator. Suffering is not enough; there must be complicity.

It is in this direction of tragic art that Camus has moved in his recent work. Insisting on the contingency of human life, the futility of human knowledge, and the irrationality of the external world, Camus has evolved from a hedonism approaching private acquiescence to a position of collective revolt. The absurdity of life that results from the confrontation of human aspiration and world chaos is no final resting place. We cannot exclaim resignedly with Meursault, "There is no way out," nor can we make the leap into the realm of the absolute that denies the very existence of the absurd. Beyond reason lies nothing, and reason is a deceptive guide. Our sole response, Camus contends, is not to scorn reason but to accept the world's irrationality; our sole problem is how to live in a chaotic universe. For the lucid man there is no escape; either he succumbs to anguish and despair out of his proper weakness, or he struggles against the injustice of the universal order in an attempt to shape his own destiny. Realization of his desperate predicament comes not in an acceptance of his state, but in active revolt that goes beyond the individual to link him with other men.

II

Much of the foregoing discussion is based on *Le Mythe de Sisyphe,* and anyone acquainted with Camus' writings will recognize the persistence of his philosophical attitudes in his artistic compositions. But let us make no mistake about it—Camus is an artist as well as a philosopher, and it would not do to adopt the viewpoint of the critic in *Horizon* who considered *L'Etranger* merely an illustration of Camus' essays any more than it would to agree with Edmund Wilson that the novel is unphilosophical since it contains only occasional reflections. A novel may spring from philosophical experience just as readily as from man's awareness of biological or economic realities. Camus, like many of his French contemporaries, has affianced metaphysics and art.

For the hero of *L'Etranger,* morality is an essentially private domain; objective values are non-existent. Meursault is completely indifferent to those about him. He had lost communication with his mother long before he placed her in a home for the aged, and he does not know her age when she dies. He agrees to be the comrade of a pimp because friendship, like other human emotions, is a matter of no importance. He will even marry his mistress Marie if she so desires, though he admits he does not love her. Meursault's actions need not be supported by rational motivation; *tout lui est égal.* He is willing to do anything, but desires to do nothing.

Meursault is an insignificant shipping clerk in Algiers, retiring and unambitious. His most striking characteristic is his insensibility to all but physical sensations. He is unmoved at his mother's funeral, and those about him are shocked by his indifference. The very following day he goes to a public bath where he meets Marie with whom he once worked; she becomes his mistress that same night. Soon afterwards Meursault becomes friendly with Raymond, a *maquereau* living on the same floor. Raymond cannot write, and Meursault addresses a letter to a deceiving Arabian mistress that enables her former lover to exact physical revenge. The girl's brother and other Arabs trail Raymond and Meursault, and at a Sunday beach-party the hero, confused by the heat and the sun, kills a would-be assailant in imagined self-defence.

Meursault's trial and condemnation follow swiftly, but it is not until he is in the death cell that he becomes aware of his changed condition. Here, in a final passionate outburst, Meursault triumphantly vindicates the conduct of his life in a world where death is the only eventuality.

There is no renunciation or repentance; rather a more violent affirmation of the meaning of physical experience, all-important in Meursault's everyday existence. The flowing of the hills beside the sea, the pressure of Marie's lips, the cool refreshment of the water, the silence of the beach: these are the objects on which he confers value, and which are destroyed in an instant by the murder of the Arab. For the condemned criminal, even sensuous pleasures are impossible. Meursault ends estranged from both man and nature, a culprit whom society declares must undergo the consequences of his act.

From the very outset he is an outsider, conscious of his difference from other men. He refuses to conform to the pattern of a bereaved son either before or after the funeral; his mother's death has no effect on his life or attitudes. Yet even in the early pages of the novel, Meursault's conscience is uneasy. He apologizes needlessly to his employer for his request of two days' leave, claiming that it isn't his fault. He displays a similarly defensive attitude before the director of the old age home. This sense of guilt comes to the fore when his mother's friends file in to sit opposite him before the coffin. They seem like phantoms, undistinguishable from one another. Conscious of his difference and of his guilt, he has a momentary impression that they are present to judge him. Meursault's trial is prefigured well before the murder; society recognizes him as an enemy.

Before justice the accused is as indifferent to his own life as he was to the lives of others. He makes no attempt to defend himself and is condemned by the interrogating judge as a hardened criminal. Meursault finds prison distasteful, not because he is going to die, but because he is deprived of the physical pleasures of life outside him. He realizes for the first time the joy in being alive; a day of even commonplace experiences would easily provide enough memories for a century of imprisonment. Yet assailed by his recollections of a life now dead, he takes temporary refuge in the conviction that life is really not worth living and that how and when one dies is immaterial. The drama of Meursault's final crisis rests in the *subversion* of this indifference, in his conscious recognition that all are condemned and that man must face death eager to assert his personal liberty.

For society, Meursault's indifference to conventional behaviour marks him as an outcast. Yet he, the condemned, knows finally that all men are outcasts and death is their only destiny. Life on earth is even-tide, a melancholy truce, where man's only resort is to live to the final moment. It is to this end that Meursault wishes the hatred of those who will see him die. Death is indifferent but hatred is real, and the power to arouse emotions is a testimony of life. His greatest penalty would be death before an indifferent audience.

Meursault dies unreconciled with his fellow men, sharing their essential condition, yet unwilling to consider any bond that may arise out of their common destiny. It is this utter nihilism, with its absence of communication, that makes tragic involvement impossible. Meursault's conflict is private; his moral crisis is solitary; and no general morality is possible except one of personal revolt. Even Dante does not go to hell alone.

More fundamental is the problem of voluntary action. Tragedy demands the tension of conflict and no genuine conflict is possible where man is not in some way a free agent. To the extent that Meursault cannot or will not make choices, he cannot be charged with responsibility. The buffeting of an automaton by a malign and exterior fate or by an even more exterior and abstract society may possibly evoke our compassion but cannot implicate us in the action. Determinism precludes complicity.

III

L'Etranger presents the drama of the individual finally in revolt against his condition, aware that death is the only reality, yet resolved to die unreconciled, exhausted in his passionate exaltation of liberty. In Camus' more recent works the absurd world of Meursault's condemnation persists, but man is now concerned with the problem of communication and union. Blind to the realities of a friendless universe, locked within himself by his inability to comprehend the irrational, the individual can become one with others only by an act that implicates him in an external situation—conscious revolt against man's poor estate. *"L'homme révolté,"* declares Camus, will accept death rather than surrender, and in such an acceptance he recognizes that the roots of his revolt are grounded outside of his personal existence.

He revolts not only for himself but for all men, bound together in a solidarity born out of the risk of life itself. Individual anguish gives way to a common struggle against the human situation, to a protest against eternal injustice and misery.

It is in *La Peste* that we experience this union born of revolt. On the surface the novel is a chronicle of bubonic plague in Oran, and the course of the disease imposes a pattern of unity on the events. Yet we need not follow the critic in *Pravda* who condemned Camus' work as crude American realism. The prefatory citation from Defoe's *Journal of the Plague Year* gives ample warning of an allegory that becomes increasingly explicit as the novel progresses.

On a historical plane *La Peste* is an account of France under the German occupation. The disease represents the invaders, the *formations sanitaires* the resistance groups, Cottard exemplifies the collaborator, and so on. This topicality is no doubt implicit, yet it would be inadequate to insist as have some French critics that the justness of the allegory depends on the extent of correspondence between the plague and the occupation. The Germans are only a pretext.

In its broadest sense the plague represents the world of the absurd, the finality of death and its ever-present pollution of life. By our very existence all of us are liable to the disease, and our one remedy lies in constant struggle, in an awareness that our victories are but temporary. There is no escape, only mitigation and delay, but it is in the refusal to accept, in the rejection of despair, that man can confront his destiny heroically.

From the moment that the plague is recognized it becomes the common concern of all. Its first effect is to isolate; men live only for the present, unable to communicate. Some accept their powerless exile, but others refuse to be reconciled and fight ceaselessly against pestilence and death.

Thus Rieux, a local physician through whose eyes we observe most of the action, rebels against the wretchedness and misery of man's condition, though he knows his revolt doomed to "une interminable défaite." Thus Tarrou, a wayfarer and former revolutionist, volunteers his services out of a similar comprehension of the disease. These men are leaders of the resistance, yet ordinary people as well (for example, Grand, the *fonctionnaire*) heroically refuse to submit to the inevitable. In collective suffering and revolt the individual finds communion with other men. Messages of sympathy from the outside world are futile:

the plague is a collective destiny that can be challenged only by a collective struggle.

The climax of the novel comes in the fusion of individual and collective effort. Tarrou has suffered the plague long before coming to Oran. Moved by pity for the condemned, and horrified by the complicity of man with death, he has consecrated himself to fighting against the pestilence of deprivation and futility. He became a radical revolutionist, feeling that society was responsible for man's condemnation, but learned that in revolutionary action he became the very accomplice of the scourge he would destroy. He ends by denouncing force and murder as instruments, for all men are victims of the plague, and seeks peace of mind through sympathy with the suffering. In this way Tarrou hopes to attain saintliness without God, by full devotion to the healing of the oppressed without taking part in their oppression.

Yet the world of man's desperate revolt is not without relief. Experiences of love and friendship are real, however pale and fleeting beside the ravages of death. Thus Tarrou and Rieux seal their union by an immersion in life, a consecration of their mutual struggle against the universal scourge as well as a recognition of the sensuous wonder of being alive. Tarrou's death itself is a final expression of this consecration, of the aspiration to saintliness in a world in which hope has no fruition.

Out of his understanding of pain and conflict Rieux finally concludes that no peace is possible. Afflicted by the deaths of his wife and Tarrou, he knows that victory is never final, that the plague is always present, and that the individual must aspire to heal the victims' sufferings with a full comprehension of death's finality. Life holds no illusions but only knowledge and memory, of the warmth of life, the inevitability of death, and the ceaseless effort in which the individual goes beyond his private suffering to identify himself with the common destiny. In his revolt he finds his definition.

IV

We have come a long way from the essentially private world of *L'Etranger,* to say nothing of the pagan *volupté* of *Noces.* This is not to imply that Camus has abandoned his earlier attitudes, but he has clearly shifted the emphasis from the individual to the mass, recognizing all the while that it is through a personal act that man becomes linked with his fellows. It is important to distinguish the humanitarianism of *La Peste* from any mundane collectivism. The Communist press has attacked Camus violently: "entre lui et nous," declared Aragon, "c'est une question de sang." We should recall Tarrou's repudiation of complicity with death. For Camus, evil resides not in material or social conditions but in the absurd; it is in his struggle to give service to life that man can reduce his suffering.

Unlike *L'Etranger* in still another important respect, *La Peste* presents at least the illusion of voluntary action. There are several possibilities open to the individual (Rieux, Cottard, Paneloux, Rambert) who chooses as if he were a free agent. The *disponibilité* absent in Meursault is all too evident in the daily conflict between the victim and the more powerful oppressor, even in a world where man's victory can only be temporary and hollow. Tragic action has emerged in collective suffering and revolt, and the onlooker cannot escape involvement in the universal struggle.

"Tragedy," declared W. B. Yeats, "must always be a drowning and breaking of the dykes that separate man from man." In this sense *La Peste* aims at fulfilling the conditions of a tragic work of art. Its failure arises not out of the world in which the action unfolds, but out of the artistic rendering itself. For while Tarrou, Rieux, and Grand are exalted to heroic stature by their deeds, they are nonetheless blurred and shadowy figures, too remote as individuals from the concerns of the reader. We are caught up in the destiny of Ahab, for example, because we know him sufficiently to recognize ourselves; Rieux becomes alive only at the end of the novel, and then through a trick that threatens in its ambiguity to shift the seat of recognition. Tarrou is but rarely in the forefront of the action, and while we admire him in life and in death, our knowledge of him remains fragmentary. If there is any hero in *La Peste* it is man himself, desperate and unreconciled.

L'Etranger presents unity of action and fullness of characterization, but the very conception of the hero precludes tragedy. *La Peste* lacks the individualization of character and structural unity of the earlier novel, but in the representation of man's revolt and of our common destiny, it points toward tragic art. We shall hear again on this subject from M. Camus.

TENNYSON AS A MODERN POET

Arthur J. Carr

"MODERN fame is nothing," said Tennyson to William Allingham. "I'd rather have an acre of land. I shall go down, down! I'm up now. Action and reaction."

"Action and reaction" only partly account for Tennyson's fall. We cannot help feeling in the bard of Farringford and Aldworth, in the author of "The May Queen," "Enoch Arden," and "The Promise of May," that depressing sense of an imagination "more saved than spent," which made Henry James breathe, "Oh, dear, oh, dear," upon discovering that Tennyson himself "was not Tennysonian."

Not until after the great dividing years of 1914-18 was it possible to view the dead laureate with some composure and to wish to retrieve at least the part of his work that was not official and "Victorian." For an age that demanded of poetry "reality of emotional impulse," Harold Nicolson boiled the essential Tennyson down to "a morbid and unhappy mystic," "afraid of death, and sex, and God." A little later, T. S. Eliot boldly called him "a great poet," because of his "abundance, variety, and complete competence." When W. H. Auden made up a selection of Tennyson's poetry very much as Nicolson had specified, he conceded that Tennyson "had the finest ear, perhaps, of any English Poet"; then he added, "he was undoubtedly the stupidest; there was little about melancholia that he didn't know; there was little else that he did."

In the presence of such a figure it is no wonder that critics who are also poets grow nervous and exasperated. They see in Tennyson not an open but a covert capitulation, perhaps involuntary though not altogether unconscious. Yet he is our true precursor. He shows and hides, as if in embryo, a master theme of Joyce's *Ulysses*—the accentuated and moody self-consciousness and the sense of loss that mark Stephen Dedalus. He forecasts Yeats's interest in the private myth. He apprehended in advance of Aldous Huxley the uses of mysticism to castigate materialistic culture. And in *Maud,* at least, he prepared the way for the verse of Eliot's "Preludes" and "Prufrock." At some crucial points Tennyson is a modern poet, and there are compelling reasons why we should try to comprehend him. Our uneasiness, our reluctance to acknowledge the relationship is understandable, and it explains how little we advance toward seeing what Tennyson's poetry is like.

Seeing what it is like, discerning the essentials without "essentializing," as Kenneth Burke would ask, demands that criticism breathe a mixed atmosphere, neither wholly aesthetic nor wholly biographical. It is not a question of choosing to consult biography in order to chart the poem or of preferring to ignore the private reference. In Tennyson's poetry the private and public worlds are fused. In the presence of such poetry, criticism must act upon life as well as upon art. Tennyson's double nature does not divide itself between the poet and the man; his poetry has a double nature and reveals not only itself but the poet. This is the truth that Hallam Tennyson confessed in his preface to the *Memoir* of his father's life: ". . . but besides the letters of my father and of his friends there are his poems, and in them we must look for the innermost sanctuary of his being. For my own part, I feel strongly that no biographer could so truly give him as he gives himself in his own works." Although we must look to the man to find the poet, we shall find the man in his poems.

The artistic and cultural crisis which underlies the swervings and sudden drops in his long career was clearly sketched for Tennyson while he was at Cambridge, from 1828 to 1831. It was the protean question that the members of the Apostles Club debated, and that some of them attempted to resolve in action. The ill-fated Torrijos expedition, vigorously recounted by Carlyle in his *Life of John Sterling,* was a point of focus. With a handful of exiled Spaniards around General Torrijos, a few of "the young Cambridge democrats" joined in a pitifully brave and futile attempt to restore constitutional monarchy to Spain by simultaneous uprisings in the north and south. In the summer of 1830 Alfred Tennyson and Arthur Hallam carried messages through southern France to leaders of the northern conspiracy. At the same moment Torrijos and his compatriots were landing at Gibraltar with Tennyson's friends John Mitchell Kemble (later the editor of *Beowulf*) and Richard Chenevix Trench (later the Archbishop of Dublin).

Perhaps more lucidly than the other English youths, Trench saw it as a desperate venture of sensibility that charged the external political motives and the physical danger with symbolic drama concerning the role of the individual in society and the role of the artist in a disordered culture. To another of the

Apostles, W. B. Donne, Trench wrote on the eve of his departure from England:

> But the future, the future—who shall question that? What will one be? What will this age be? Must one end in a worldling; and our age, will it prove the decrepitude of the world? Are we not gathering up the knowledge of past generations because we are adding nothing ourselves? Do we not place the glory of our century in the understanding of past ages, because our individual energy is extinct, and we are ourselves nothing? After one or two revolutions in thought and opinion, all our boasted poetry, all, or nearly all, of Keats and Shelley and Wordsworth and Byron, will become unintelligible. When except in our times, did men seek to build up their poetry on their own individual experiences, instead of some objective foundations common to all men?[1]

The question of "objective foundations" permeates Tennyson's career and binds his poetry to the crisis of the arts in our century. Tennyson took in the sickening fact that the continental areas of common values were breaking up. Myths, rituals, slogans, accustomed loyalties and animosities, the classic procedures of politics and warfare, the classic mysteries of philosophies, the groundwork of rational history and rational science, the themes and modes of art—all cemented by hallowed ethical and economic traditions—were coming loose fast. The sense of this fact is the atmosphere of his poetry and is present everywhere. It is evident in his exploitation of a multitude of traditional poetic forms, in the question of electing a tradition and in the desperate virtuosity of his style; in his private use of the public domain of myth and legend as he turns from the formal and familiar elements to the inward and particular. We may trace it in his anxiety to keep up with the thought of his day and to draw it—drag it, if necessary—into his poetry; in his quest for symbols; in his perplexity over the artist's involvement in affairs ("The Palace of Art" sprang from Trench's ultimatum, "Tennyson, we cannot live in art"); and in his sad conviction that his work would fail.

Only a little altered in the fashion of their dress, these questions still pace our critical reviews and galleries of art. Tennyson's awareness of these issues, which the century since the publication of *In Memoriam* has tiresomely expounded, was never lucidly conceived. His ideas flow in the current of his melancholic sensibility. When that sensibility was fed, enormously, by such a loss as the death of Arthur Hallam, Tennyson's poetry swept the entire range of crisis.

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[1] R. C. Trench, *Letters and Memorials* (London, 1888), I, 73.

The theme of loss appeared very early in Tennyson's poetry as the talisman of imaginative energy. Whenever this theme reappears, even after *In Memoriam,* it works its magic. This fact may explain why Tennyson often seems to force himself to remember the loss of Hallam, enclosing him in the figure of King Arthur in *Idylls of the King,* performing again the ritual of loss and recovery in "Vastness," "In the Valley of Cauteretz," "Merlin and the Gleam," and "Crossing the Bar," and implicitly in many other poems. When the private sensibility was not stirred, the awareness was wanting, and "stupid" "Alfred Lawn Tennyson," the Victorian, wrote masterly bathos.

Tennyson is the most "occasional" of poets, but the occasions were not public, even when he made them so. His imagination rose only to its own promptings or to the lure of an event that suggested or reproduced the subjective drama of loss, defeat, and disappointment. Then manner and matter would unite, and even in the placid years he could write the "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington," of a man who reminded Tennyson of the statesman latent in Arthur Hallam, and *Idylls of the King,* which broods over the disintegration of an ideal society and the fall of a heroic lay-figure. Such a survival of imagination in spite of all that was wasted taught Henry James to observe: "As a didactic creation I do not greatly care for King Arthur; but as a fantastic one he is infinitely remunerative." As Trench saw, there is a romantic entanglement of poet and poem. The concinnity of Tennyson's art rests on his "individual experiences," rather than upon "some objective foundations common to all men."

II

The genetic view of Tennyson's poetry naturally swings toward his early work in search of the components of his sensibility. James Spedding had remarked in 1835 that his friend Tennyson was "a man always discontented with the Present till it has become the Past, and then he yearns toward it and worships it, and not only worships it, but is discontented because it is past." Many years later, Tennyson himself, speaking to Sir James Knowles about "Tears, Idle Tears," said, "It is what I have always felt even from a boy, and what as a boy I called the 'passion of the past.' And so it is with me now; it is the distance that charms me in the landscape, the picture and the past, and not the immediate to-day in which I move."

Yet such moods of melancholy, sometimes mellow, sometimes acute, generate Tennyson's poetry. T. S. Eliot saw in Tennyson "emotion so deeply suppressed, even from himself, as to tend rather towards the blackest melancholia than towards dramatic action." It is a response to frustration not only felt but expressed, embodied in art and in the problems of art, in the search for theme and for symbols.

In the early poems the underlying theme of the "divided will" is charged with the highest imaginative excitement, and most of the issues that were to be explored later are set forth. In what is possibly Tennyson's earliest poem, "Armageddon,"[2] the theme is a transcendent mystical revelation, like that which Tennyson said that he experienced repeatedly later in life. The poem approaches the instant of transcendental disclosure only through passages of ominous imagery and a sense of deep anxiety and awe. The hour is the typical Tennysonian twilight when sun and moon stand in opposition. Then the poet enters the realm of the deeper consciousness and finds delight in himself:

> Yea! in that hour I could have fallen down
> Before my own strong soul and worshipp'd it.

Later, in "The Mystic," in the crucial lyric 95 of *In Memoriam,* in "The Holy Grail," and "The Ancient Sage," Tennyson would have recourse to this theme. The ominous images and the sense of awe denote a dialectic clash between the attraction of the deepest subjective levels and the resistance and restraint of other sectors of reality.

Dream, memory, and desire come to represent in these early poems the modes of imaginative freedom that is restrained by forces not explicitly represented except as a category called "conscience" or "fear." The dialectic is perfectly realized in the lyric "In Deep and Solemn Dreams" (in *Unpublished Early Poems*), that forecasts the tonality and the problem of *In Memoriam.* The dreamer meets "sunny faces of lost days . . . Forms which live but in the mind":

> And we speak as we have spoken
> Ere our love by death was broken.

But the wind of dawn shakes "The large leaves of the sycamore" and breaks the "sacred charm of tearless sleep":

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[2] Printed among the tantalizing oddments of *Unpublished Early Poems,* edited by the poet's grandson, Sir Charles Tennyson (1932). Rewritten, this poem became the basis for Tennyson's prize poem, *Timbuctoo.* Quotations from *Unpublished Early Poems* are made with the kind permission of the Macmillan Company.

> Dear lips, loved eyes, ye fade, ye fly,
> Even in my fear yet die,
> And the hollow dark I dread
> Closes round my friendless head.

Even in that strained and rhetorical poem "Remorse" (in *Poems by Two Brothers*) there are sudden disclosures, though the cause of remorse is kept in mystery. The poet, cursed "With too much conscience to have rest, Too little to be ever blest," recoils from himself:

> I would I'd been all-heartless! then
> I might have sinn'd like other men

and turns avidly toward the image of a final sleep in death, safe from "the thrill of conscious fear."

In "Sense and Conscience" and "Memory" (in *Unpublished Early Poems*), Tennyson deals more objectively with the dialectic issues. The first of these is a fragment of an allegory suggesting the theme of *Idylls of the King*. "Conscience" is laid asleep by "Sense" in the midst of "pleasurable flowers," often associated by Tennyson with erotic themes. He is visited by "Delicious dreams" and "witching fantasies," "Lovely with bright black eyes," "And lips which moved in silence." But "Memory" and "Pain" arouse him:

> Rage seized upon him then
> And grasping with both palms his wondrous blade,
> Sheer through the summit of the tallest flowers
> He drave it. . . .
> The ivy from the stem
> Was torn, the vine made desolate; his feet
> Were crimson'd with its blood, from which flows joy
> And bitterness, first joy from bitterness,
> And then again great bitterness from joy.

No relief is obtained by laying waste the pleasurable flowers, whose blood is like his own; and he lives with Memory and Pain. To deny and stamp out Sense only leads to a repression of desire, and Conscience suffers all the more. Nor would Tennyson ever attempt again to reach an answer by annihilating one of the sources of his inspiration as well as of his pain.

The poem "Memory"[3] almost succeeds in formulating the imaginative strife:

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[3] This poem parallels in several ways the lyric, "O that 't were possible," which was the nucleus of *Maud:*

> Half the night I waste in sighs
> Half in dreams I sorrow after

Wherefore do I so remember
That Hope is born of Memory
Nightly in the house of dreams? . . .

Why at break of cheerful day
Doth my spirit faint away
Like a wanderer in the night?
Why in visions of the night
Am I shaken with delight
Like a lark at dawn of day?

If memory becomes an avenue of desire, like dreams themselves, it must still turn and agonize around conscience and the wakeful forces of restraint. Hence the painful irony and paradox that Tennyson phrased distinctly.

As a recurrent poetic strategy, with its own dialectic equation, the interchanging play of memory and desire seems a mask of the personality. In an excellent detailed study of erotic and symbolic elements in Tennyson's early verse,[4] Professor W. D. Paden has called this strategy "the mask of age." In it the face of desire and anxiety appears as memory and regret. No doubt Tennyson was simply borrowing at first a Byronic attitude. The desirable future and the frustrations of the present come forth as the vanished past—recapturable in memory. The thirst of youth is presented as the dryness of age. The feelings of guilt inseparable from dream are costumed as remorse and self-reproach for what is gone and cannot be helped. The advantage of the strategy is that it marches toward some degree of objectivity: the imaginative forces are brought under partial control. Yet Tennyson's discovery of "the magic cirque of memory" would be of only passing interest in his development did not the mask of age show forth again in poems of his best hours: in "Ulysses," the hero about to embark on a voyage of desire toward reunion with "the great Achilles, whom we knew"; in "Tithonus," the immortal, aging lover trapped by senility in a heaven of erotic ease that he can taste only in memory; in "Tears, Idle Tears"; in the "mad scenes" of *Maud;* above all in the nature of *In Memoriam.*

The delight of early skies;
In a wakeful doze I sorrow
For the hand, the lips, the eyes,
For the meeting of the morrow,
The delight of happy laughter,
The delight of low replies.

Although the maddened lover is not Tennyson in any simple biographical sense, he wears the characteristic masks of Tennyson's personality. Tennyson does not fully disengage himself.

[4] *Tennyson in Egypt,* University of Kansas Humanistic Studies, no. 27 (Lawrence, Kan., 1942).

If the strategy of the mask of age both conceals and connotes anxiety, it is also sufficient to bind together the elements of a divided sensibility. The war of sense and conscience is no simple opposition between frustration and desire. The dialectic plays in both the inner and the outer worlds at once. There are the arrows of conscience and the chains of obligation. There are the demands of duty and the commands of love. Consequently, the objects of sense pass swiftly into symbols of desire, and the laws of dreams are cast outward over the objects of sense. In these terms Tennyson continues to explore the premises of romantic art, following Byron, then Keats and Coleridge, and even Shelley, in employing egocentric melancholy and the sensuous and supersensuous imagery of dream, and in debating the role of the artist in society. But he is not simply imitative. He accepts a tradition and goes beyond it to take what he can from whatever touches him in Western art.

Poems, Chiefly Lyrical (1830) and *Poems* (1833) display Tennyson's rapid and thorough engagement of his characteristic themes and, in particular, his concern with erotic motives to unfold the dialectic of sense and conscience. Fantasy beckons and repels. The gates of desire are defended by danger and wakeful fears. In "Recollections of the Arabian Nights," the poet voyages through a sub-tropical paradise that opens only as he enters "another night in night" and, in a dream within a dream, hears the Keatsian nightingale,

> Not he, but something which possess'd
> The darkness of the world, delight,
> Life, anguish, death, immortal love,
> Ceasing not, mingled, unrepressed. . . .

"Entranced," he gazes on the "amorous" Persian girl alone. The poem closes deep within the dream; there is no painful waking.

"A Dream of Fair Women" is a finer and more anxious poem. It begins with visions of

> Beauty and anguish walking hand in hand
> The downward slope to death.

Chaotic images of warfare, resembling the opening lines of "Armageddon," culminate as the poet lifts his arm "to hew down" a cavalier who is abducting a lady; then sleep and dream come upon him, and he is in the midst of an ominous and familiar forest, deadly still. It is just before dawn. The regressive stride into a deeper dream is made at once:

The smell of violets, hidden in the green,
Pour'd back into my empty soul and frame
The times when I remember to have been
Joyful and free from blame.

And from within me a clear undertone
Thrill'd thro' mine ears in that unblissful clime,
'Pass freely thro'; the wood is all thine own
Until the end of time.'

Yet the dangers and distress are not so easily exorcized. The interviews with Helen of Troy, Iphigenia, Cleopatra, and other famous ladies are not lacking in overtones of awe, and the dream ends abruptly with the coming of dawn (as with "In Deep and Solemn Dreams") and assumes the mask of age:

As when a soul laments, which hath been blest,
Desiring what is mingled with past years,
In yearnings that can never be exprest
By sighs or groans or tears. . . .

Significantly, the ladies of the dream are dead ladies. With remarkable persistence death becomes in all these poems the ambivalent counterpoise to love and desire. It embodies the hostility between sense and conscience and guards the thresholds of fantasy. Regression to a deeper level of consciousness must pass the danger of death; yet to reach the level of fantasy is to triumph over death. The symbol death has a double nature: frustration of desire is a kind of death; yet persistence of desire rouses the conscientious phantom of death. Nor are the deeper levels of dream free from phantoms. They haunt the idyllic museum of Western culture in "The Palace of Art," and drive the Soul, for a while at least, into the world until she shall purge her "guilt." Only in those rare and brief disclosures of transcendental reality are the penalties of desire delayed, and even there the dark freedom of the mind is soon "stricken through with doubt."

Regression and withdrawal continue to mark Tennyson's later poetry. He sometimes falls back to a mental posture from which the return to erotic enjoyment and moral victory is facilitated. In *The Princess,* the Prince, "Of temper amorous" and subject to sudden trances when aggression threatens, at first disguises his sex to enter the cloister of art and learning where Princess Ida keeps her college for young ladies. When the Prince, like the dreamer in "A Dream of Fair Women," is striking a blow in battle to win the Princess, he is wounded, falls, and lies, embryo-like, "silent in the muffled cage of life." The Princess nurses him, assuming a role more maternal than erotic; then "Leapt fiery Passion from the brinks of death," and without courtship the Prince wins his bride. King Arthur, too, after renouncing Guinevere and being mortally wounded, recedes into the valley of Avilion, from which he will emerge in fresh power.

In such poems as "Fatima" and "Mariana" Tennyson attempted the delineation of erotic moods without recourse to dreams. But neither Fatima nor Mariana is a personality. They encase fevers of frustration and desire prolonged to the point of statuesque agony. There is no shadow of alleviation. Fatima is frozen at the point of hot desire, and in "Mariana" the lines between inner and outer reality are obliterated and her house becomes a house of dreams, disappointment, and death.

One could make it a simple equation that the more complete is the damming up of desire, in the moods and situations of these poems, the more certain to rise is a Keatsian lushness of imagery and diction. This is the root of Tennyson's "ornate" style in which, as Walter Bagehot noted, "everything has about it an atmosphere of something else," suitable to subjects of "half-belief" and to "dubious themes." Tennyson had learned to embody a problem in a mood and the mood in evocative, concrete, and disturbed imagery. To this ability he would soon add the use of myth and legend that made a hard and brilliant surface of traditional substance under which the private sensibility moved as if through water.

Tennyson had forged a poetic instrument out of the themes of loss and recovery through regression into dream and vision. Death and fear were established as the conventions that rule the dialectic of sense and conscience. This instrument became his means of apprehending the rational problems of his experience also, and lent them the deep sense of crisis that accorded well with the feelings of his class and of his age. The future of art, the nature of society, and the issues of science and religion, take the colours and disposition of his subjective strife. For this reason, the death of Hallam, a personal loss, became a magnet for larger issues. The subjective crisis and its non-rational modes encompass the crisis of Tennyson's culture.

These themes converge in "The Palace of Art," where the Soul feels a conscientious despair that "divided quite The kingdom of her thought." But she does not, like Conscience, destroy the "pleasurable flowers" of her paradise. Although she departs, she promises to return. If the issues of involvement and non-involvement were not to be settled easily, neither were they to be ignored. "The Lady of Shalott" sketches the predicament of a mind trying to free itself from a web of fantasy. When the Lady, moved by desire, looks away from the deep subjective mirror in which she reads the shadows of the world, the mirror cracks from side to side. She accepts her destiny and dies as she drifts down to Camelot. It is the first poem in which Tennyson thoroughly controlled his legendary materials, so that the poem with its symbolic action becomes an image of the mind.

The liberating power of legend works also in "The Lotos-Eaters." Exactly because it is managed as an episode in the return of Ulysses to the responsibilities of Ithaca, Tennyson could follow very far the impulses to "slothful ease" and vague erotic happiness. Yet in escaping so far, upon that island, the frustrations of conscience and the censures of the gods (who do not care), the poem risks the denial of transcendental reality, which was supported in Tennyson's experience by subjective revelations that lay deeper than fantasies of dream and vision. Because the poem is an episode of the wider legend, Tennyson does not have to make amends: the argument for responsibility was implied in the outer reaches of the story.

All these strands twine together in "Œnone," the steadiest and most deftly woven of the poems that Tennyson wrote before the death of Arthur Hallam on September 15, 1833. Œnone's monologue combines day-dream and legend while elaborating the rigid erotic attitudes of "Mariana" and "Fatima." Here Tennyson studies the issues of his poetry. They are expressed in the choice that Paris makes between the gifts proffered by the goddesses: power and fame, wisdom founded on self-restraint, and erotic bliss. Paris's lack of judgment in taking Aphrodite's bribe calls forth Œnone's prophecy of disaster to society through the sins of adultery (as in *Idylls of the King*). Although both the poet and the nymph applaud the ascetic principles of Pallas Athena, the secret of the poem lies in the symbol of Œnone herself, who combines the promise of erotic pleasure with wisdom that leads to power. In the warfare between Sense and Conscience, Tennyson achieves equilibrium, though not stability, for the symbol is genuinely ambivalent. The balance of powers is not guaranteed by any "objective foundations common to all men." That the basis of moral action has been defined is only the triumphant illusion of an art that looks neither far out nor in deep. It is the climate of the idyllic mood.

III

The idyllic mood was shattered, and the mask of age became the lineaments of reality. The strategy of memory and desire "came true." Word of Arthur Hallam's death in Vienna reached Tennyson at Somersby, Lincolnshire, on October 1, 1833. To Henry Alford, another member of the Apostles Club, it seemed "a loud and terrible stroke from the reality of things upon the fairy building of our youth." How much more so to Tennyson, who felt his personal grief re-echoing in every chamber of his being—so closely had he bound his rational doubts to fantasies of loss and death in the strife of Sense and Conscience.

The series of elegiac stanzas that would become *In Memoriam* was begun almost at once. The earliest to appear in J. M. Heath's *Commonplace Book* ("Fair ship, that from the Italian shore") bears the date "Oct. 6 1833." The substance of the poem is Tennyson's life, but the formal biographical structure is artificial. Sections written early are set down in the midst of later ones, and the three Christmases and the other anniversaries are formal devices. There is no evidence for supposing that Tennyson actually toiled three years in the cycle of moods through which the poem runs. Nor is the theme of the poem seriously philosophical, as Tennyson was at pains to point out. The "brief lays, of Sorrow born" reflect only the "random influences" of controversy.

The theme of *In Memoriam* is loss and the subjective crisis it provokes. For this reason, the poem recapitulates much of Tennyson's previous development: the moods of frustration and longing, the strategy of the mask of age, the issues of sceptical doubt, the question of the poet's involvement in the world of affairs, and the issues of social disorder and social inertia encountered in the political songs. Tennyson was fully aware that his private grief for Arthur Hallam involved his "passion of the past" and worked its way through all his being:

Likewise the imaginative woe,
    That loved to handle spiritual strife,
    Diffused the shock thro' all my life,
But in the present broke the blow. (85)

The melancholic temperament upon which Tennyson had boldly erected the structure of his art was now baptized in the experience of real grief. Freud theorized "that melancholia is in some way related to an unconscious loss of love-object, in contradistinction to mourning, in which there is nothing unconscious about the loss."[5] Freud's insight would reveal the nature of Tennyson's fixed response to "the picture and the past," that he idealized in "Tears, Idle Tears" and stated more explicitly, long afterward, in "The Ancient Sage."

. . . for oft
On me, when boy, there came what then I call'd,
Who knew no books and no philosophies,
In my boy-phrase, "The Passion of the Past."
The first gray streak of earliest summer-dawn,
The last long stripe of waning crimson gloom,
As if the late and early were but one—
A height, a broken grange, a grove, a flower
Had murmurs, "Lost and gone, and lost and gone!"
A breath, a whisper—some divine farewell—
Desolate sweetness—far and far away—
What had he loved, what had he lost, the boy?
I know not, and I speak of what has been.

This passage leads at once to a description of such a mystical trance as takes the centre of "Armageddon." If there is a definitive Tennysonian theme, this is it—a reiterated and dreamlike sense of loss that becomes idyllic self-assurance.

If we suppose such a loss or alienation, Arthur Hallam's role in Tennyson's development would be to clarify the motive in Tennyson's remarkably dependent nature that rendered his mind sluggish in freeing itself from supporting ideas and habits and that made him lean heavily upon his friends, his wife, and his son. It is a supposition that lets us see in Arthur, the symbolic figure of *In Memoriam* and of the *Idylls of the King,* the means by which Tennyson gained some conscious control over his divided nature. The conscious loss of Arthur Hallam enables Tennyson to confront the demon of his temperament. If we are to see in Arthur Hallam a possible surrogate for Tennyson's father,[6] we may better understand what the friendship meant to

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[5] *Collected Papers* (London, 1925), IV, 155.

[6] Dr. George Clayton Tennyson died in March, 1831. Paden thinks it probable that the death of Dr. Tennyson rather than that of Hallam is the personal theme of "Morte d'Arthur," because it deals with "the end, not the beginning, of an epoch." Certainly Hallam's death felt to Tennyson like the end of an epoch. But it is not necessary to make a simple choice between the father and the friend.

Freud's hypothesis would also intimate why *In Memoriam* opens with what may be a covert allusion to the grave of Tennyson's father (section 2) and ends not simply with a marriage-song but with the rebirth of a being like Hallam. And it would clarify the otherwise clouded theme of section 102, in which "Two spirits of a diverse love Contend for loving masterdom" as Tennyson is on the point of leaving the Somersby home. In the face of his father's ambiguous comment, Hallam Tennyson plainly identified the two spirits as Alfred's father and Arthur Hallam (*Alfred Lord Tennyson: A Memoir* (New York, 1897), I, 72).

To see the function of melancholic sensibility in Tennyson's poetry does not require, however, that we disentangle the subtle skein of biography, interesting though it is to try.

Tennyson and why the loss of Hallam seemed more than the death of a friend. Hallam's death would re-enact the father's death and would arouse again the sense of guilt that springs from the repression of aggressive impulses, "the blindfold sense of wrong" that Tennyson finds alien to his love for Hallam and that yet marks the anniversary of his death "as with some hideous crime." Later, the imaginative reunion with Hallam might also touch some thrilling overtones of reconciliation with the father. To the degree that the unconscious elements of melancholia are not entirely resolved in conscious grief, *In Memoriam* would remain somewhat asymmetrical and strange:

> But there is more than I can see,
> And what I see I leave unsaid,
> Nor speak it, knowing Death has made
> His darkness beautiful with thee. (74)

Because the death of Arthur Hallam is both a real and a symbolic loss that radiates from the centre of Tennyson's art, the tone of amatory affection which suffuses *In Memoriam* cannot be read as simple evidence of an erotic relationship in fact between Tennyson and his friend. It is enough that the loss of Hallam touches Tennyson at every nerve and that the demand for reunion is expressed with an energy that will not forgo the connotations of physical bereavement. Hallam himself had emphasized the intimate connection between intense spiritual devotion and erotic expression in his "Remarks on Professor Rossetti's 'Disquisizione sullo spirito antipapale' ": "What is the distinguishing character of Hebrew literature, which separates it by so broad a line of demarcation from that of every ancient people? Undoubtedly, the sentiment of *erotic devotion* that pervades it." Whatever we may choose to call the bond between Tennyson and Hallam, the crisis of *In Memoriam* would not have been induced by the rupture of feelings less complex and profound.

The stages and the achievement of *In Memoriam* are in some respects more clearly visible in those other poems that the death of Hallam almost immediately called forth. "The Two Voices" (at first called "Thoughts of a Suicide") bears in the *Poems* of 1842 the significant date "1833." In J. M. Heath's *Commonplace Book* "Ulysses" is dated "Oct: 20 1833," and "Tithonus," which Tennyson called a "pendant" to "Ulysses," was drafted at about the same time, although not published until 1860. "Morte d'Arthur" was in hand before the end of 1833. Considered together, these poems strongly suggest that Tennyson rapidly passed through the stages projected across a longer scheme of time in *In Memoriam.*

The theme of all these poems that cluster together is loss, frustration, and the need to explore,

> How much of act at human hands
> The sense of human will demands
> By which we dare to live or die. (85)

"The Two Voices," a diffuse debate between Self and Soul, turns on the question of whether life can be endured. The affirmative, not easily gained, rests upon "the heat of inward evidence," like that cry of "I have felt," in section 124 of *In Memoriam.* The poet then passes into the vernal woods that symbolize his reborn existence. Characteristically, the impulse toward "suicide" is more fully objectified in the imaginative sympathy that Tennyson shows for the legend of Tithonus. The poem "Tithonus" is an elaborate and beautiful ritual for release from frustration. If love is withheld, death is desired. Tithonus, caught in the web of memory and desire, appeals for a release no less idyllic than the erotic vision of Aurora that motivates his plea.

"There is more about myself in 'Ulysses,'" said Tennyson. "It was more written with the feeling of his loss upon me than many poems in 'In Memoriam.'" As in "The Lotos-Eaters," the Ithaca of responsibilities is renounced, this time explicitly, in favour of a voyage into ever-widening "experience." But this is not mere experience and it is not true that "the margin fades, Forever and forever when I move." Ulysses moves toward a possible reunion, as in the dream-voyage described in *In Memoriam,* section 103, toward the Happy Isles and a meeting with "the great Achilles, whom we knew." In small compass, Tennyson forecasts the dual answer of *In Memoriam:* life and nature are a continuum extending uninterruptedly toward a spiritual climax; yet at some point the "lower" material world passes over into the "higher" spiritual world. The continuum belongs to the world of nature and history; in the subjective vision of reunion with Hallam the poet crosses the bar between two separate spheres.

"Morte d'Arthur" unites the themes of all these poems in Sir Bedivere who must "go forth companionless," and in the death of King Arthur. Defeated in the material world, he voyages without abrupt transition to the happy island-valley of Avilion.

A vision of his return and a dream of reunion with him close the lines which frame the epic fragment.

The theme of reunion is the personal core of *In Memoriam.* It develops in a series of fairly distinct approaches that culminate in the trance-vision in section 95 and the dream of the future in section 103. In these two lyrics Tennyson contrives to knit the past to the present and the present to the future. The stages of approach to reunion are most clearly defined in sections 41-7, which discuss death as a barrier to reunion, sections 60-5, which suggest that friendship may cross the barrier, and the series of dreams, sections 67-71. These advance painfully, through imagery recalling the ominous preludes of "Armageddon" and "A Dream of Fair Women," to a sleep, akin "To death and trance And madness," in which there is "forged at last"

> A night-long Present of the Past
> In which we went thro' summer France. (71)

After a pause quickened only by the lyrics of spring (83 and 86), the forward movement begins again with vivid recollections of Hallam's presence at Cambridge and at Somersby (87 and 89).

Sections 90-5 achieve reunion with Hallam in the present. The ritual preparation is fastidious. It begins (90) with a passionate invocation—"Ah dear, but come thou back to me"—that is qualified (91) by a rejection of mere dreams of the past—"Come: not in watches of the night." Sections 92 and 93 refuse to invoke a stage-phantom, "a wind Of memory murmuring the past." Tennyson thus invites the return of a mystical disclosure, and section 94 is symbolic lustration. Then, in the moonlight on the lawn of Somersby (95), in the midst of images from memory,

> The dead man touch'd me from the past,
> And all at once it seem'd at last
> The living soul was flash'd on mine. . . .
>
> . . . at length my trance
> Was cancell'd, stricken thro' with doubt.

In "the doubtful dusk" of dawn, the breeze that had trembled in "In Deep and Solemn Dreams" shakes sycamore and elms, and dies away at the talismanic hour when

> East and West, without a breath,
> Mixt their dim lights, like life and death. . . .

The lyrics concerning Tennyson's departure from Somersby are crowned by the dream (103) that blends many elements of

Tennyson's poetry and merges the present in the future. The Hall with a river flowing past recalls "The Lady of Shalott" and "The Palace of Art." The "summons from the sea" and the poet's voyage with maidens down the river toward the sea have affinities with "Ulysses," "Morte d'Arthur," "Locksley Hall," and "Crossing the Bar." The magic of the dream increases,

> Until the forward-creeping tides
> Began to foam, and we to draw
> From deep to deep, to where we saw
> A great ship lift her shining sides.
>
> The man we loved was there on deck,
> But thrice as large as man he bent
> To greet us. Up the side I went,
> And fell in silence on his neck. . . .

Although the reunion with Hallam's spirit is imperfect and consequently demands renewal (for example, in section 122), Hallam becomes the symbolic thread that knits Tennyson's world of experience together again. Section 103 is followed at once by the "third Christmas" lyrics (104, 105) that renounce the observance of "an ancient form Thro' which the spirit breathes no more." The New Year song (section 106) celebrates instead "the Christ that is to be"; and section 107 ("It is the day when he was born") establishes the observance of Hallam's nativity. The remaining lyrics of *In Memoriam* are the apotheosis of Hallam as "herald of a higher race" who redeems from doubt and pain the intellectual difficulties that had joined in the train of personal grief.

If the nature of Tennyson's subjective crisis had made him unusually sensitive to the moral implications of the revolution that was occurring in art, in society, in science and in history, the loss of Hallam had quickened that awareness. He perceived the approach of Darwinian materialism and the rising class struggle as outward manifestations of that loss of values which he had suffered in his own life. Unsanctified by tradition and lacking "objective foundations" in common morality, the scientific view of nature and the liberal position in politics resolve the conflict between good and evil into a mere struggle for existence and cast the artist to the mercy of his impressions:

> This round of green, this orb of flame,
> Fantastic beauty; such as lurks
> In some wild Poet, when he works
> Without a conscience or an aim. (34)

The full weight of modern knowledge, "Submitting all things to desire," seemed cast into the balance on the side of sense. In the dialectic of his poetry, Tennyson had rendered himself fully responsive to the attractions of materialism and of a monistic ontology, most visibly in "The Lotos-Eaters," to which he could not commit himself. If art, nature, and history are empty of a higher will,

'Twere best at once to sink to peace,
Like birds the charming serpent draws,
To drop head-foremost in the jaws
Of vacant darkness and to cease. (34)

But when he finds darkness "made beautiful" by reunion with Hallam, that friend becomes the "higher hand" that frees knowledge from the bonds of sense.

Yet as "Ulysses" showed, Tennyson's answer to the intellectual difficulties that he faced is paradoxical. He tries to accept the materialist-monistic continuum of nature and of history as a scale upon which evil is merely historical process. Ends justify the means, and evil is redeemed in the evolutionary faith,

That all, as in some piece of art,
Is toil coöperant to an end. (128)

At some point the material cosmos is to sail smoothly and imperceptibly across into the realm of spirit. The presence of spiritual and "higher" values renders the materialist continuum tolerable, yet at times unendurable. A thoroughly material progress was not the answer to Tennyson's needs, and he spurns a purely evolutionary faith in "the greater ape," whose scheme of values gave no room to the qualities that endeared Arthur Hallam to his friend. The "far-off divine event" could not happen in the Malthusian world of Huxley and Darwin.

The material world must be, at length, defeated; the great result of time must be negated. The Battle in the West and the defeat of Arthur herald his departure into the happy island of Avilion. The way to transcendental values lies through loss, death, and defeat. No accumulation of material advances can leap the transcendental barrier. Tennyson is tossed between the wealthy attractions of materialistic monism and the dualistic demands of his subjective strife and system of values. The world of nature can be sanctified only by another and a higher. At least once, he got the paradox fully stated:

Dear friend, far off, my lost desire,
So far, so near in woe and weal;
O loved the most, when most I feel
There is a lower and a higher;

Known and unknown; human, divine;
Sweet human hand and lips and eye;
Dear heavenly friend that canst not die,
Mine, mine, for ever, ever mine;

Strange friend, past, present, and to be;
Loved deeplier, darklier understood;
Behold, I dream a dream of good,
And mingle all the world with thee. (129)

The irredeemable flaw of Tennyson's poetry is that he habitually weakens and dulls his perception of this paradox. Because he could sometimes make the transcendental leap in his own experience, he is bemused into regarding it as an objective truth common to all men. Thus he inclines to further in his art the idyllic mood rather than the tragic perspectives that a genuine dualism might have afforded. Nevertheless, the tragic view develops, almost surreptitiously, in the themes of defeat and disaster that dominate *Idylls of the King* and even the plays. Without the constant support of any traditional systems of value, Tennyson contrived to face, and in part to comprehend, the problem of tragedy in modern art. No English poet explored more widely the range of possibilities that had closed.

IV

Tennyson is a modern poet, also, in his attempt to provide the personal themes of *In Memoriam* with a formal structure responsive to both private instinct and the elegiac traditions. His attempt embodies in practical form the question of the artist's involvement or non-involvement in the life of his culture. Tennyson withholds himself from the objective form of the pastoral elegy and at the same time he draws upon its inherent strength. *In Memoriam* was undertaken "for his own relief and private satisfaction," and was anonymously published. Yet it is, of course, an enormously ambitious work, and imbedded in its discursive and informal manner are many of the traditional elegiac conventions. It opens with a formal invocation to a higher power and closes with an epithalamium. It describes the funeral procession (the voyage of the ship returning Hallam's body to England) and the mourning of nature, which is a kind of death. The poet himself represents the mourners. In accordance with the sophisticated tradition of the elegy, Tennyson launches forth on sober and noble themes, both personal and general, concerning the meaning of history, the nature of nature, and his personal destiny as man and as poet. The poem draws to a close with a lengthy apotheosis that dismisses the mood of grief, settles the perplexities, and issues upon a higher plane.

The presence of these traditional elements helps Tennyson in playing out the ritual of his private grief and in giving it objective form. Under the personal theme lie the ancient elegiac conventions, and through them the poem observes a simple, pastoral ritual of the cycle of the year: the death and reawakening of nature. This "natural piety" underlies the comparatively superficial time-scheme of three years and is organically related to the theme of loss and reunion. It is adumbrated rather than announced. The death of nature is symbolized by the autumn and winter imagery dominating the allusions to nature in the poem as far as section 83, by the mournful observances of Christ's nativity (sections 28-30, 78), and by the commemoration (section 72) of the "disastrous day" of Hallam's death. Section 83, a sudden invocation of spring, initiates the series of springtime poems (sections 86, 88, 89, 115, 116) that light the way toward reunion with Hallam and his apotheosis. As the statesman that he might have become, Hallam symbolizes that "life in civic action warm" that may turn society from its wavering course. He also represents that wisdom of a "higher hand" that must control the results of scientific and practical "Knowledge." Hallam's efficacy as a symbol that "touches into leaf" the issues that had been filled with pain and death depends on the subjective experiences which revivified Tennyson's universe of values. The experience of loss itself became endeared as the prelude to reunion:

That out of distance might ensue
    Desire of nearness doubly sweet,
    And unto meeting, when we meet,
Delight a hundredfold accrue. . . . (117)

The cycle of nature is completed, and into the future is projected the passion of the past. The marriage-song that finishes the poem can welcome again the imagery of living nature and the conception of a child whose birth is the rebirth of Hallam and of Tennyson.

Beyond this achievement Tennyson could not or did not go. In his individual experience he had not found the objective foundations that he required. This he sometimes recognized and sometimes forgot. When he forgot, he became facile, sentimental, and mechanical, though there are few poems in which the pulse of uncertainty does not stir at all. The history of his career after 1850—indeed, almost from 1833 onwards—is basically a recapitulation of his earlier development. Even *Idylls of the King,* defaced in parts by his delusions of certainty, was a project which he had begun to conceive before the death of Hallam. It is a poem, on the warfare of Sense and Soul, that is wrenched from its idyllic oversimplifications into a study of erotic and mystical motives and the disintegration of an ideal society. The defect and the nature of the poem are manifest in its strange hero, who does not himself embody the conflicting values but shares them with Lancelot.

Because he did not really advance toward "solutions," and because he reached in *In Memoriam* the clearest apprehension of his own nature that he was capable of, Tennyson's later poetry does not break from the pattern of his past. This is why he could revise his early work, as he did for the *Poems* of 1842, with as much grace and tact as if he were still in the midst of writing it for the first time; he had not moved beyond it. With thorough integrity he could publish in his later books some poems written long before and could introduce passages of this early work into poems written a half-century later. The persistence of his motives brings his later poetry back to the inescapable themes: in "The Ancient Sage" he returns to the debate of "The Two Voices," in "Lucretius" to the fierce and open warfare between erotic and conscientious impulses, in "Demeter and Persephone" to the ritual of the death and reawakening of nature, in "Crossing the Bar" to the dream-voyages of "Morte d'Arthur" and "In Memoriam," and in his last book to "The Death of Œnone." Force of habit sometimes dulled, sometimes strengthened, his artistry.

The Tennysonian theme is frustration, and his poetry offers an analysis of its symptoms rather than the cure. What is overcome through the elaborate strategies of dream and vision is not the frustration but the disappointment that follows it. It is a poetry of illusions, some painful, some happy, none of them wearing the ultimate authority of reality. The recurrent pattern is a transition through death, loss, or dream toward ideal moods that dissolve the edges of thought and appetite. Under such illusions, Tennyson sometimes mistakes the sense of relief for the signs of truth. But because the sources of his poetry lay, finally, beyond his control, he could not get free of what is genuine as well as painful.

What saved him, at last, was that he felt his predicament even if he did not thoroughly comprehend it. He saw the crisis of art and society as a war of values, a matter of conscience. He does not theorize about it nor arrive at systematic principles. Yet in viewing the function and origin of conscience, he offers a more complex and subtler insight than T. H. Huxley, who supposed conscience to be merely a social monitor, the inner voice of social obligations. For Tennyson, it is more primitive and more powerful, arising in partly unconscious levels of the mind and presenting to the reason and the will an ambiguous scene of unreconciled motives and values. In Tennyson's anatomy of conscience, our human action upon nature and society meets a crisis of the divided will, which cannot be healed until it frees itself from fantasy and despair. That freedom Tennyson could not really win. His failure accurately represents the continuing crisis of our culture.

Walt Whitman, who liked Tennyson, discerned that "his very doubts, swervings, doublings upon himself, have been typical of our age." The price that Tennyson pays for being a "representative" poet is great. He suffers our disease and our confusion. He triumphs not as a master but as a victim. It is a vicarious role, and upon him we heap our detested sins. If the circumstances of his breeding, his generation, and his temperament had made him a convert to Catholicism, socialism, or theosophy, he might have written more interestingly to us. He might have been admired to the extent that he escaped the general malaise. But he kept to the mid-stream of his culture. As a result, he works out remorselessly the fatal consequences of the romantic tradition, bankrupts its style by his lavish expenditures, and reduces its intellectual ambitions to the accidents of individual perceptions and personal blindness. After him the deluge, the spreading chaos of "modern art." He is one of its makers.

There is no Tennyson tragedy. The themes of frustration can scarcely amount to that, and the tragic order of values is lacking. Besides, the victim himself, though not our father, turns out to be a well-remembered uncle, and no hero. Yet there was in him, as Hawthorne instantly perceived, "the something not to be meddled with," as he moved with the shuffling gait of a man whose injury cannot be healed and who makes of it, by force of will, the secret of his strength.

FREUD AND THE CHRISTIAN MESSAGE: OUTLINE OF A SYNTHESIS

DAVID A. STEWART

IN the interests of a new ethic, I am concerned in this paper with the outline of some possible common ground for the Christian message and the psychology of Freud. The price of such a synthesis is not high if it is borne in mind that I refer here to the Christ of the gospels, not of Christian theology, and to Freud, the psychologist, not the theologian of *Future of an Illusion*.[1] It is assumed that to see them thus is to see them not only in their proper roles, but in the only light that shows common ground.

A central error in traditional Christian psychology has been the belief that once an act is rationally understood to be bad, there are only two safeguards against it, the Christian conscience and the police. The framers of Christian ethics have formulated this view into their theory of the "good" as ultimate, unanalysable, and intuitive, a position which in fact reveals nothing and may even be exposed as false psychologically, though passably reputable as a piece of logic. Something more than the certainty of intuitive judgments is required by the world today in its gropings for a clear sense of value.

Freud's attack on aggression and his defence of love in *Civilization and Its Discontents* are close to a Christian theme. If the spontaneity of Christian love and an analysis of the "good" drawn from the results of Freud's clinical evidence can be joined with the concerted effort of both to sublimate aggression into productive and creative channels, we shall have gone far in fusing two major ethical forces, now lamentably weakened in needless conflict with each other.

Freud's attack on fear and anxiety in doctrinal religion is equally an attack on guilt, for the three terms are essentially interchangeable: "It faithfully corresponds to my intention to represent the sense of guilt as the most important problem in the evolution of culture, and to convey that the price of progress in civilization is paid in forfeiting happiness through the heightening of the sense of guilt."[2]

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[1] "In *The Future of an Illusion* I expressed an essentially negative valuation of religion. Later, I found a formula which did better justice to it; while granting that its power lies in the truth which it contains, I showed that that truth was not a material but a historical truth." S. Freud, *An Autobiographical Study* (London, 1946), 134.

Freud, supported by clinical evidence, explains how anxiety, remorse, and the sense of sin have developed into pernicious behaviour-patterns which thwart and stultify the rich, mature life. He tells us that our privations, if carried too far, nourish and heighten the sense of guilt.

It is important to note that he confines the inquiry into guilt to an examination of the aggressive drives: "I am convinced that very many processes will admit of much simpler and clearer explanation if we restrict the findings of psycho-analysis in respect of the origin of the sense of guilt to the aggressive instincts."[3] He believes that the greatest obstacle to civilization and at the same time a constitutional trait of the human being is the aggressive drive; accordingly, he thinks the command to love one's neighbour is an almost impossible demand (as Christ well knew), an example, he would say, of the unsatisfactory demands of the cultural conscience. This view of the unpsychological nature of Christian love is based on Freud's assumption about the nature of society; it has the familiar ring of Hobbes's *Leviathan* and of Nietzsche's super-man morality. It is a view based on struggle, self-interest, and power. In the formative stages of society Freud thought that "The man who is physically strongest would decide things in accordance with his own interests and desires."[4] This condition prevailed until, in the interests of the community, men banded together as a protection against the ruthlessness of single individuals. "This substitution of the power of a united number for the power of a single man is the decisive step toward civilization."[5] Freud, accordingly, believes that the concept of justice, not love, is primary to our culture, that individual freedom existed only in pre-cultural stages of history, that freedom has become restricted as civilization has advanced, and, finally, that it is justice which is the expression of these restrictions. He thinks that the cry of freedom from its source in primitive man is in conflict with the civilized forces of society.

Therefore, it has been argued that Freud rejects the Christian principle of mutuality. In the Christian view, the idea of an isolated individual making his way alone and acting aggressively towards his fellow creatures is a monstrously unnatural conception of man. While life involves aggressiveness, it also involves love and mutuality, so that love for one's neighbour can be as natural as self-interest. It seems clear that self-interest comes first in point of time and that the natural ideal of mutuality will emerge only when human beings mature emotionally and spiritually. We know, for example, that self-interest prevails more than mutuality when individuals fail to envisage their involvement because of arrested development or other neurotic traits. That, no doubt, is why Christ saw the need to preach brotherly love; though natural, it is also ideal, for men are inclined, as Freud stresses, to tarry at self-interest and neglect to envisage their truly natural selves. Mutuality is ideal, for it knows no limits; there is always something still to be done no matter how genuine and energetic may have been our efforts to help others. All round us is abundant evidence that the organic view of society requires the force of morality, or even of policemen.

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[2] S. Freud, *Civilization and Its Discontents* (London, 1930), 123.

[3] *Ibid.*, 131. [4] *Ibid.*, 59. [5] *Ibid.*, 59.

Once we reconcile the social contract theory with the organic view of human development, it is amazing how close Freud comes to Christ's views on what evil really is and what should be done about it. "What an overwhelming obstacle to civilization aggression must be if the defence against it can cause as much misery as aggression itself."[6] The defence against aggression has taken the form of a rigorous conscience, laden with guilt, anxiety, and the sense of sin, and this is the pattern that Freud seeks to destroy. Christ's pleas to "take no thought for the morrow," and to "go and sin no more" appear equally to be based on the recognition that a tense conscience is a prime evil. There is agreement that an ethic that allies itself to any specific self-interest can never be satisfactory to the human personality. Freud writes in the Christian spirit when he says: "The fateful questions of the human species seem to me to be whether and to what extent the cultural process developed in it will succeed in mastering the derangements of communal life caused by the human instinct of aggression and self-destruction."[7] But it is ironical that the measures taken by society against aggression nourish guilt rather than eliminate it; such measures so increase anxiety, dejection, and confusion that people flock to the bookstands for self-help literature of the sort that promises virtue and happiness by the following of simple rules applied willy-nilly to all and sundry. This tendency is one with the tradition that the certainty of "intuitive" judgments can yield a table of virtues and vices to be heeded universally "though the heavens fall." Many of us

[6] *Ibid.*, 140.

[7] *Ibid.*, 143.

seldom pause long enough to wonder whose intuitions and judgment it is that thus legislate our moral behaviour.

Psycho-analysis under the leadership of Freud has sought to envisage the concept of the whole personality rather than isolated aspects of human behaviour, and has thereby made important contributions to the problems of ethics. This approach appears to be truer to the varying facts of human nature than the traditional list of standard vices and virtues applicable alike to all types of personalities. "It is one of the obvious injustices of social life that the standard of culture should demand the same behaviour in sexual life from everyone—a course of conduct which, thanks to his nature, one person can attain without effort, whereas it imposes on another the severest mental sacrifices."[8] Character structures differ, and good and evil will therefore vary in different individuals. It is the well-being of the character that counts, not the routine heeding of isolated virtues and vices. It is surely no act of morality for a man to abstain from alcohol who abhors it, yet he may parade his virtue of abstinence as a shining example of how the tippler "ought to behave." This is the sort of morality which prevailed in the pre-Freudian times in the name of Christianity, though it is hard to see how it tallies with the original Christian concern for individuality. To know a man "by his fruits" was surely intended to cover more than his commercial output.

Aggression and self-destruction indeed appear, as Freud says, to be aggravated rather than mitigated by wholesale measures against them in the form of objectively valid rules for all people under all circumstances. He expresses the same hope and prayer as the genuine Christian when he writes: "And now it may be expected that the other of the two 'heavenly forces,' eternal Eros, will put forth his strength so as to maintain himself alongside of his equally immortal adversary."[9] If we can agree that the social contract view of society and the organic view are but two phases of one process, rather than mutually opposed theories, of which the social contract is first in point of time and the organic view that which follows as a mature development in the humanly natural process of growth, we can understand that aggression and love are likewise but two aspects of life rather than adversaries competing for supremacy. Aggression, then, may well be regarded as a natural social force requiring only to be qualified and directed

[8] *Collected Papers* (London, 1924), II, 87.
[9] *Civilization and Its Discontents,* 144.

by love. In this way, aggression may be predicated of productivity rather than of destructiveness.

As to love, Freud makes it clear that it should not be falsely dichotomized as physical and spiritual, the one to be suppressed, the other exalted. Love is of a piece: its manifestation varies from an impulse to reproduce to an impulse to be kind. But both impulses spring from a common source—a deep-rooted instinctual love of life. It is similarly treated, it seems to me, in the Christian message. Surely to have life more abundantly is to treasure the sources and means by which life is made possible, though we are, of course, to understand that "abundance" refers to a fuller, more mature individual understanding of human destiny and purpose.

The gospels reveal so little on the problem of sex that one is obliged to conjecture rather more than may be sound in the framing of a synthesis of Freud and the Christian message. But it appears that a view deprecating sex as evil and as a force not to be related to *caritas* is as much a conjecture as the view that the two are somehow intimately fused.

Common to most of the mental disorders discussed in Freud's collected papers is the fact that patients have suffered from a lack of sexual harmony. This lack is related closely to the conflicts which emerge to characterize the disorders of the patients. While the disturbance in sexual harmony is seen also to express itself in lack of affection touching relationships other than the purely sexual, we are not to lose sight of the fact that aloneness, unrequited affection, despair, and anxiety are organically related to the sexual function.

Perhaps we are far enough out of the woods now to admit that the finer things of life are not made sordid by an insight into their natural origins, by an insight into the fact of organic unity. We are no longer naïve enough to be irritated over the claims of those who presume to reduce without remainder the greatest achievements of men to frustrated sex. This we recognize as a definition of the whole by the part, of total involved activity by a single thread of experience. Need we, then, be dismayed to learn that loving-kindness is part of a psychosomatic pattern, the healthy constructive counterpart of the destructive refusal or inability to love? Need noble efforts lose their merit and the respect we pay them when we learn simply that they express a faith in life, that they are a part of the total organic drive to be productive and to go on living, that they are drawn from the same libidinous source that stimulates sexual interest?

The two salient features of Freudian psychology are the two most misunderstood: these are his psycho-sexual theory and his psycho-analytic technique. Too often the first is represented as a flagrant stress on sexual behaviour from infancy to adulthood, and the second as an insult to personal dignity in its demands on personal surrender and display of the inner life.

In fact, these two features of Freudian psychology may be interwoven into the Christian theme in the full light of the gospel message. One supposes that opposition to them has arisen through fear rather than through a knowledge of error.

Of course the word "genital," used to describe the mature adult's love relationship is indeed misleading as the word is frequently associated with objectionable meanings. However, more is intended by Freud in his tracing of psycho-sexual maturity than is generally believed.

> Sexuality is divorced from its too close connections with the genitals and is regarded as a more comprehensive bodily function. . . . The sexual impulses are regarded as including all of those merely affectionate and friendly impulses to which usage applies the exceedingly ambiguous word 'love.' . . . All of these affectionate impulses were originally of a completely sexual nature but have become *inhibited in their aim* or *sublimated*. The manner in which the sexual instincts can thus be influenced and diverted enables them to be employed for cultural activities of every kind to which indeed they bring the most important contributions.[10]

In Freud's psycho-sexual theory are the familiar stages of development, the oral, the anal, the phallic, and the genital. In a competitive world aggressively seeking material power the phallic stage seems to be most prevalent. Both Christ and Freud direct their efforts at trying to show human beings that man's most mature aims go beyond conquest and power. Freud describes the genital stage as the most mature development of human beings. Here love strives to break through its blockings in partial interests and seeks to know a more complete experience. The passivity of the neurotic who regresses to the oral level, the compulsive traits of those who revert to the anal level, the hysterical conquests of those who remain at the phallic level: all these the mature person seeking the genital stage will strive to overcome, not to deny, not to repress, but to control with the deeper insight of those who understand love as a tender reciprocal relationship. This, for Freud, is what it means to reach the genital stage in psycho-sexual development, to see

[10] *An Autobiographical Study,* 68, 69.

love, including all its phases, as a force fused with gentleness, affection, and an understanding of others.

I think that it would be hard to say that this theme could not find its place with the Christian message in the setting up of a new ethic. Sublimation is the key to the Freudian thesis; is it not also the key to the Christian message? For Freud it was sublimation of sex into kindness and mature affection; for Christ, it was sublimation of selfish concern into concern for others. Does it matter much at what level one perceives the inadequacy of immature love? Freud, the scientist, had to have his patients regress through analysis to the early experience of childhood in order that the corruptions which began to develop there could be cleared in the light of insight and understanding, and the necessary substitutions and sublimations be effected in the interests of a healthier personality development. Freud, thus, like Christ, might well have said, "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven."

If Freud happened to have found a main thread for his thesis in sexual behaviour and insisted on tracing origins whereas Christ dealt with people as he found them in their distress, is this a matter for controversy? The vital fact is that both Christ and Freud saw the need to transform the individual by redirecting his repressed psychic energies into creatively sublimated channels. These creative channels have already been indicated as the mature love relationship in all its phases.

In the personal relationship in psycho-analysis Freud abandoned the use of hypnosis after he discovered the therapeutic value of transference. Thereafter Freud never forced his patients into submission because he learned that "the expenditure of force on the part of the physician was evidently the measure of a resistance on the part of the patient."[11]

Instrumental in securing prestige for Freud in the eyes of his patients was the fact that he was a medical doctor; Christ gained the allegiance and the love of his followers as a prophet among the faithful. Wisely did he say once to one he helped, "See thou tell no man." There were many quacks who professed at the time the ability to perform magic. Christ disdained to be numbered among these spurious miracle-workers. The universal prevalence of the power of love in human beings known to Christ

[11] *Ibid.*, 51.

and revealed in everything he said and did was sighted by Freud in the course of his analytic investigations.

> In every analytic treatment there arises without the physician's agency, an intense emotional relationship between the patient and the analyst which is not to be accounted for by the actual situation . . . this *transference* soon replaces in the patient's mind the desire to be cured, and, so long as it is affectionate and moderate, becomes the agent of the physician's influences and neither more nor less than the mainspring of the joint work of analysis. It must not be supposed, however, that transference is created by analysis and does not occur apart from it. Transference is merely uncovered and isolated by the analysis. It is a universal phenomenon of the human mind, it decides the success of all medical influence, and in fact dominates the whole of each person's relations to his human environment.[12]

A difference, widely cited as separating psycho-analysis from the Christian message, is that Freudians break the transference to complete the therapy whereas Christ perpetuated the transference in the religious belief of the Father-Son or Father-children concept. This paper would exceed its purposes should it attempt to incorporate psycho-analysis into any pattern of religious creed. It is confined to the limits of psychology and of ethics. Within those limits a pertinent observation needs to be made here. Dependence on persons is to be distinguished from dependence on principles. Freud's ideal of maturity was that the patient should cease to rely on him personally though not psychologically, for the insight gained in the analysis (of which the analyst is a mere vehicle) must always be depended upon if the patient wishes to grow well and live maturely. Similarly when Christ said "Lo, I am with you alway" he appears to have meant dependence on the principles he set forth; when he said "I am come to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother" he appears to have set forth the ideal of personal independence, free from the prejudices of childish allegiances. Did he not strive to promote the principles of mature personal independence in his clear words "The kingdom of God is within you"?

There is rich material to work over in the clinical evidence of Freud to supply a new concept of the good;[13] though there is much detail to put in order, the main outlines are clear. Freud's characterology stresses reasonableness as against the dubious values of heaven-sent intuition, organic health as against repressing virtue, individuality as against hypocrisy, love as against hate.

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[12] *Ibid.*, 75, 76.

[13] See the "Clinical Papers" in vol. II, and "History of the Psycho-Analytic Movement" in vol. I of the *Collected Papers.*

The Christian message is similarly reasonable, stressing the full life, the individual search, the honest well-meant appraisal, the good will. To ask is to know what to ask for, to seek is to desire, to knock is to act on desire, to act on desire is to find. All this seeking and finding, however, is drawn from and shaped by individual identity, for by a man's fruits is he known, and one may not expect of a man something qualitatively foreign to what it is in him to become. The good will, in the last analysis, is seen to derive its strength from a faith not in the soul, not in the body, but a faith in life.

Excess in any form is equally deplored and sincerity equally stressed by Freud and the Christian message, in the interests of the total healthy personality; complete abstinence and masklike goodness are ideals in neither the Freudian psychology nor the Christian life. Christ respected the spirit of the ten commandments, but he did not hesitate to re-interpret two of them when the situation demanded honest actions contingent on sound individual judgment. How many other similar "laws" may not be re-examined in the light of a different age, a different culture, and a different problem? "Only such 'true believers' as expect from science a substitute for the creed they have relinquished will take it amiss if the investigator develops his views further or even transforms them."[14] The ethics set up by sincere Christian philosophers in the past may as reasonably be transformed to suit the spirit of Christ's message in this age as they, no doubt, best interpreted the gospels for application in their time.

If Freud is found, after test and proof, to add strength to the Christian message (fortunately never committed to specific scientific dogma) there seems to be no good reason why his psychology should not be incorporated into a new programme of psychological ethics at least as sound as that based on Augustinian and Calvinistic psychology nowhere to be found, so far as I know, in the original message of the gospels. Freud would have been shocked to learn that his views or any part of them were to be incorporated into a religion as scientific dogma, but he would perhaps have agreed that his insights were as valuable for the ethics of the time and situation as those of the psychologists who preceded him.

One must curb the urge to achieve unity or analogy at the price of fact. Though Christ appeared to support the spirit of science and in particular of psychology when he said "Ye shall know them by their fruits," in the end the principle of love, in the giving of oneself to the needs of others, is the central feature of the Christian message. Though Freud appeared to support the principle of Christian concern for truth and the welfare of others when he wrote "no personal experiences of mine are of any interest in comparison to my relations with that science"[15] (psycho-analysis), it is yet a fact that science rather than love was the guiding ideal in Freud's career as a psycho-analyst.

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[14] *Beyond the Pleasure Principle* (London, 1922), 83.

In outlining this synthesis, therefore, the clear difference between Christian love and Freudian psycho-analysis is recognized, and the need of the one for the other is likewise recognized in the belief that science is cold and directionless without love and love blind and uninformed without science.

This synthesis will provide, by the way, much-needed support to both Freudian psychology and Christian ethics. At present, the former lacks a philosophic exposition of its postulates of value, and the latter is encrusted with unscientific psychologies. Freudian psychology may take lively personal direction for its ethic from the good will of the Christian message; the Christian message may absorb the fact (in the exercise of its good will) that the "good" in all its wide ramifications can be illumined by the scientific insights of Freudian clinical evidence.

In the realm of creed the proponents of Christian doctrine need not be more abashed by new developments in psychology than by those in biology or physics. Surely it is no more a breach of faith to improve on Augustine in psychology than it is to improve on Genesis in biology and on Joshua in physics. This is not to deny what is best in Augustine, Genesis, or Joshua. (There is the need here to recall the classic lesson from Dante that there are chiefly four senses of interpretation, the literal, the allegorical, the moral, and the anagogical.) Augustine himself joined the church only after he had been assured that he did not have to believe literally the crude and immoral stories of the Bible!

In gathering together the threads of this brief study, a possible confusion needs to be cleared, and the plain thesis restated. I have referred occasionally to the doctrinal forms of Christianity, but those references ought not to be confused with the Christian message, the teachings of Jesus as found in the gospels. Christian doctrine and tradition were cited purposely to demonstrate that the hope for a synthesis of Freud and the Christian message grows dimmer as one increasingly relies on interpretations of the Christian message other than those to be found in the gospels.

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[15] *An Autobiographical Study*, 131.

I have tried to show that Freud can be synthesized with the Christian message if one retains the distinctiveness of the Freudian ideal of science, the priority of reason, and the Christian concept of service, the priority of loving-kindness. A synthesis is sought, not an identity.

To synthesize Freud with the Christian message, as this study suggests, would be to lay the ground for the growth of a new ethic. This ethic would stress the notion of *personal growth,* a thesis that requires expansion in a separate inquiry.

Letters in Canada: 1949

PART II

VI. FRENCH-CANADIAN LETTERS

W. E. COLLIN

The intellectuals of French Canada are chiefly concerned with two problems: peace and the progressive industrialization of the province. Regarding the first problem the consensus of opinion is that peace, real Christian peace, does not exist in the world today; and the general conviction is that peace is necessary to men in their pursuit of happiness and that peace is the safeguard of human values.

During the 1948 session of the Semaines Sociales the subject of peace was treated in all its aspects: the nature and necessity of peace, peace in the individual, peace in the family, social peace, peace between nations, the international organization of peace. The Oblate Father Arthur Caron analysed the situation and presented the Christian solution. Peace, in the Christian acceptation of the word, is essentially an act, a fruit of charity. The Christian humanist interpretation of present conditions was expounded with admirable lucidity by Mgr Vandry in his sermon on "Peace and Social Reform." "In frightful chaos the world today is struggling to find its way without Christ; it will certainly not find it, cannot find it, no more than it will find the peace it lost when it lost Christ. 'I am the way,' said Christ. There is no other way that leads to happiness and salvation. . . . Peace is the fruit of the Redemption which came to us through Christ. In that is embodied all the theology of the salvation of the nations."

The articles, by various authors, first published in *L'Action Nationale* and now collected under the title of *Pour gagner la paix* are more practical but the morality they preach is identical. They speak of two old enemies: imperialism and communism. Imperialism, though it has changed countenance and shows itself as an economic rather than a political problem, has come dangerously near to us, since its occidental centre, they say, is at Washington. The third world war will have the character of a holy war against communism. The Dominican Father Louis Lachance, with his mind on "the morality of war," notes that "on the mechanical and scientific plane human effort has registered considerable advances. The certitude of cosmic unity is an acquired fact. Unfortunately the state of affairs is quite different in the human universe. . . . Never have spiritual forces known such regression, such complete resignation."

Many other works are concerned with the application of Catholic doctrine to modern conditions. Father Richard Arès's new book is entitled *L'Eglise catholique et l'organization de la société internationale contemporaine.* M. Marcel Clément's "essay on the economic doctrine of the Church" asks the question: *Les Encycliques sont-elles applicables?* Madame M. P. Vinay's opinion, expressed in *Le Service social,* is that "social service is efficacious in the degree to which it conforms to Catholic principles."

In other works we sense a desire to remind the French-Canadian people of the religious bases of their unity, to warn them of religious or intellectual enemies, or to give them prophetic vision. Father Fernand Porter's book on *L'Institution catéchistique au Canada* is ostensibly a study of the catechisms used in Quebec from 1633 to 1833; but the author's main purpose is to mark the religious mentality, the unity of mind and conscience, of the French-Canadian people. The formation of the religious mentality of the people was the work of parents under the direction of the priests; and the manual of instruction was the catechism which ensured unity of faith and thought. In their collection "Philosophie et problèmes contemporains," Fides have published a work by Father Julien Péghaire, *Regards sur le connaître,* which has all the appearances of a philosophical treatise; but on page 129 we come upon a clue to another purpose. The author reflects: The war cut us off from France. No more French books, no more reviews, no more lecturers from France for six years. Cultivated minds on the banks of the St. Lawrence felt a sudden hunger for French books: philosophy, history, literature. Father Péghaire fears and wants to arm his students against the impact of French thought. He feels the need of a living Thomism which will give a satisfactory answer to the problems of the twentieth century. After outlining the general theory of knowledge proposed by the Thomist tradition, the realist position, he studies the modern position, that of the last three centuries, comprehended as the idealist position. He confronts these two positions and, as "the dangerous germs of modern thought" are likely to enter the blood of French Canadians through contact with French thinkers, he directs his attention mainly to the French idealists: Lachelier, Brunschvicg, Le Roy, Hamelin, Parodi, Jules de Gaultier. Father Péghaire is a brilliant expositor and, as professor of philosophy at Ottawa and Montreal, he has no doubt put the stamp of his thought on the minds of many young people in Quebec. Father Louis-Marie Régis, the learned director of the Medieval Institute in Montreal, makes metaphysics a fascinating adventure under the figure of Ulysses, whose one desire was to find again his native land and his faithful spouse. Let him who would venture, says Father Régis in closing his lecture on *L'Odyssée de la métaphysique,* learn the lesson of this Odyssey and choose the Angelical Doctor as his master in the perfect assurance of finding his Penelope. The attitude of the theologian to modern thought is put very clearly by Father Jean-Charles Laframboise in his preface to Father Eugène Marcotte's doctoral dissertation on *La Nature de la théologie d'après Melchoir Cano:* "Experimental sciences in the service of industry, commerce and human passions unceasingly modify, diversify and revolutionize our habits and even our manners. Everything is change and movement in the life of modern man. Man's destiny, however, does not change. . . . Guardian of divine truth, the Church of Christ . . . teaches men the truths of salvation, bestows upon them the treasures of eternal wisdom." Cano has been thought "worthy of a place next to St. Thomas Aquinas" because "at the time of the Renaissance he rendered the Church the great service of providing Catholic theology with the arms she needed to ward off the attacks of Luther's Protestantism."

What inspires M. André Dagenais is a faith that a divine age is in the offing and that French Canada, which is at present passing through a period of subjection to an alien culture, will see the return of theocratic law and order. In *Vers un nouvel âge* he brings the authority of established thinkers to support the thesis. M. Dagenais has been teaching in Buenos Aires and he apparently came upon Vico's theory of eternal return while reading the Spanish of Donoso Cortes. The pattern allows him to summarize "decadent" forms of society (associated with Rousseau, Hobbes, Durkheim) and bring into relief the "perfect" societies: the family and the theocratic state, on which the sociology of the Roman church is based. His original contribution is the application of Vico's theory to Canadian history. The first age of New France was a divine age. Then came the heroic age, the age of discovery, colonization, resistance to the enemy. The present is the human age—Confederation, the age of subjection to British institutions and of cultural infiltrations from the Anglo-Saxon world. The new age, the age of independence, will be a divine age, ushered in with the aid of God's spirit.

After reading the work of a visionary it is a pleasure to come upon a personal experience of a "return to God" which we find in the "soliloquies" of the Abbé Victorin Germain's *Retour à Dieu.* Brief mention may also be made of Father Marcel-Marie Desmarais' talks on practical ways and means of living a happy life, *Le bonheur cet inconnu,* which are interspersed with amusing anecdotes.

II

In works dealing with architecture we find two distinctly different attitudes to the industrial age. The first, which may be called the French-Canadian attitude, we find in M. Gérard Morisset's *L'Architecture en Nouvelle-France.* This book contains descriptions and pictures of old houses, manor houses, and convents, and short biographies of a hundred or so architects; throughout, it is alive with the author's spirit: a love of the old style and a corresponding contempt for the "notorious decadence beginning on the day when our builders took pleasure in imitation." His general aim is to record the moral evolution of our architecture, domestic, religious, military, from the days of Jean Talon to the triumph of romanticism. But he does not stop there; he extends his vision to the twentieth century; yet wherever he looks he estimates the moral evolution by the template of the "Roman style," as he calls it, which French master masons brought to New France in the eighteenth century. Early Canadian houses were built in this style. Discussing problems connected with the building of churches, M. Morisset refers to the "Conefroy plan," the work of Pierre Conefroy. "It is the intelligent and methodical codification of a kind of architecture perfectly adapted to our climate." The golden age of Canadian architecture (1800-60) was followed by a romantic age, on the spirit of which M. Morisset is very severe. "Shamelessly it explores the past, all the styles of the past, as the archaeologist exhumes it." The most deplorable example of the "archaeologist" spirit, spectacular and ostentatious in its sentimental imitations of Italian monuments, is the cathedral of Montreal (1885), constructed on the model of St. Peter's in Rome. Archaeological architecture lacks "peasant logic"; its monuments are "bodies without souls." The industrialization of cities has changed the aspect of the houses, especially the roofs and windows, for which industry places large panes at the disposal of the builder; cement and steel have come into common use. But whatever materials are used industrial architecture still wants to be big and imposing.

The other attitude, "dombellotism" M. Morisset calls it, is that of Dom Bellot, whose principle is to catch the spirit that fashioned great architectural works and adapt modern means to it. Dom Paul Bellot (1876-1944) was a Benedictine monk who had studied architecture before entering the Abbey of Solesmes. In 1934 he was invited to Canada to deliver a series of lectures. The dome of St. Joseph's Oratory in Montreal and the monastery of Saint-Benoît-du-Lac are works of his hands. To this monastery he retired during the war; there he died and was buried. *Propos d'un bâtisseur du Bon Dieu* contains a biographical sketch by his friend the sculptor Henri Charlier, eight of Dom Bellot's lectures, and photographs of sanctuaries, chapels, refectories, and cloisters he built on the Isle of Wight, in Holland, and in Quebec. "To build," says Dom Bellot, "is to put spirit into matter; to do this we must submit ourselves to all sorts of disciplines, disciplines of soul and intelligence and those imposed on us by the materials we employ. . . . When a well-knit group learns to submit itself to laws, then we shall see the dawn of a new architecture." There are too many ideas in Dom Bellot's lectures on style, technique, the nature of the beautiful, and Christian art to speak of all of them here. One of the most suggestive passages occurs in a talk on "the primacy of form over light and colour" and treats of plastic form as suggesting movements of the soul. Dom Bellot has a word on naturalism. Helping himself to Charlier's word "parable," he says: "As a work of art is essentially a parable, its end is not to imitate nature . . . but rather to use the things of nature to make them join in the dialogue of the soul with God, of God with the soul." Since the Renaissance art has described nature and failed to interpret it. "For the Christian, nature is a parable of divine things. The work of art, a new creature made by man in view of God, is in no way obliged to resemble nature line for line. . . . With finite matter it tends to suggest the infinite. It really becomes itself when, setting out from nature and detaching itself from nature as far as possible, it begins to talk of God and of the soul." For Dom Bellot, as for Charlier, "the most beautiful monuments of the modern world are its cathedrals. Art and beauty have here embraced each other. Art has met being itself, for the beautiful is the blazing forth of being." Dom Bellot used concrete, steel, and brick—industrial products that were at hand—for no other end but this.

III

Ringuet's meditation on industrial civilization, to which I shall come shortly, reduces the other novels to very modest stature. Albertine Laperle-Bernier's *Le Château des illusions* is a romantic and not very convincing story of young marriageables. J.-Wilfrid Pion's *Un Trésor malgré tout,* described as a novel of Canadian manners, contains two stories in which true love armed with Christian virtues triumphs. Hervé Biron's *Nuages sur les brûlés* is a vivid description of the great difficulties and small joys in the life of the colonists at Temiscaming. They hold to their traditions and presently gain at least a foothold on the land. The sensitive young man in Françoise Loranger's *Mathieu* hides from life behind dark spectacles and a sarcastic tongue. He goes through a severe and depressing struggle but comes off victorious and knows at last the blessing of a sound mind in a healthy body. André Brugel's *La Résurrection des corps* is literary psychiatry which takes us along a false trail of mysticism before re-establishing us on scientific ground. It is the story of two doctors: Jacques Lavigueur who suffers mental depression after losing his sweetheart and Dr. Baron, a noted psychiatrist, who brings him back to normal health. When Marthe is killed by an automobile, Jacques becomes obsessed with the idea that he is to blame for her death since it was to buy him a present that she had gone on to the street. Even in the Trappist monastery at Oka, where he had gone to seek the consolations of religion, the obsession persisted. It was on his return to Montreal that Dr. Baron, whom he idolized, tried his psycho-therapy, mainly of personal magnetism, sympathetic words, and quiet assurance. The painful experience of self-accusation was forgotten; melancholy and sadness were dissipated; his clear vision of things, his confidence in himself and in life were restored.

Fausse Monnaie (1947) brought us down from the Laurentians and left us to face the deadening routine of work in the city. In *Le Poids du jour* Ringuet comes to grips with industrial life at its peak, its most intense moment, that is, in wartime, when all energies are bent towards production for the satisfaction of military demands, when to live is to produce, when the act of making machines and money bears a vital stamp upon it. The tension between city life and country life still exists, but the author resolves it by lifting us from the plane of industrial life to the plane of spiritual satisfactions. This novel with a biblical title, *The Burden of the Day,* is the story of a man who lost his soul and found it again. It is a great story, one of the best ever written in this country. Here is the substance of it. As a boy, Michel Garneau had two loves: he adored his mother Hélène and he loved his violin. He did not understand why his father could not bear to hear him play that violin, but his artist's soul was severely wounded. Neither could Michel understand why the girls in the village smiled and turned their backs on him. After his parents' death, he visited the home of his "uncle" in the city where he came upon some photographs which revealed that the man he had called father was not his father. This revelation inevitably changed his feelings towards his parents. Michel cursed the mother he had adored and, for the first time, understood his "father." Burdened with the consciousness of his sinful origin, rejected by the society of men and women, he changed his name and, in desperation, joined the army. After his discharge he set up a factory in Montreal, made big guns and a fortune. And here Ringuet exposes all the hypocrisies and sordid aspirations involved in the business. Michel married and had two children, Jocelyne and Lionel, who represent the two conflicting natures in Michel. Jocelyne is Michel's repressed artist's soul; Lionel his will to forge his way to the top of the industrial world. But in his haste to be rich and powerful, Lionel was caught smuggling, and, to evade punishment, escaped to the States. Jocelyne married Adrien, who wanted to be a writer. For his health's sake as well as for peace and quietness, he looked for a place in the country. To Michel the country was abhorrent; it recalled his shame. But he bought them an old farm-house standing on a hill overlooking the Richelieu valley and there Jocelyne and Adrien went to live. Some time later Michel, a widower, came to stay with them. When he heard Jocelyne singing for joy, he stopped her. He could not bear to hear music. But one day he passed Jocelyne's room and saw her looking in a mirror. He saw two persons, one the reflection of the other; he saw Jocelyne and his own mother Hélène, the mother he adored in his childhood. In Jocelyne he had discovered his goddess again, his artist soul. The burden fell from his shoulders. From then on, those hills and that valley, that world, were his spirit's paradise and every noise he heard was a singing bird. One evening, as they were standing in the orchard watching night descend over the valley, Jocelyne told her father that she was going to have a child. Down below, the valley was dotted with lights. But Jocelyne's eyes were searching the sky.

> "There's no star," she said, disappointed.
>
> They stood for a while in the darkness without speaking.
>
> "And it will be a girl, papa. A girl, I'm sure of it." It was a dreamy voice.
>
> "She will be called Hélène." Her eyes still searched the sky.
>
> A breath, imperceptible from below, made a rent in the clouds. At first they saw only a patch of black sky.
>
> Then a star appeared, only one.
>
> "Ah! There it is," said the young mother. "I was waiting for it. I knew it would come."

That is how the story ends. Now what is that star, I wonder? For me, and perhaps for Ringuet, it is the star called Helen, goddess of beauty, the divinity of love.

Satirical fictions like *Hôtel de la Reine* and *Puce* come near to being personal confessions. The Hôtel de la Reine is the centre of tourist life at St. Agnan, a watering place on the lower St. Lawrence where Jean Simard's Félix has gone to spend the summer to cure his broken heart. St. Agnan is quite a different community from the Abbé F.-A. Savard's St. Basque across the river where all is peace and harmony, an eternal sabbath afternoon. Life in St. Agnan is vacuous, dull, absurd: the daily task begun again every morning; the fight against death which will conquer in the end; the dignity of obstinate, useless, despairing patience. There is the schooner plying between Montreal and Gaspé, carrying logs for paper pulp and returning with flour, sugar, and cement; the ferry-boat twice a day; the priest; the doctor; pious spinsters like Miss Lafontaine who puts her soul into chain-letters; Captain Briselaine and policeman Murphy, whose favourite recreation is croquet; finally, the tourists, who assemble every evening on the quay to watch the sun set, and Félix, the cynical little devil who sneers at them. To create satirical dialogue, M. Simard splits himself into two persons: Félix, the barefooted, ragged, but wise country boy, "gay pessimist," and M. Tis, a visitor from the city, correctly dressed, "morose optimist." And as they stroll we hear this dialogue:

> M. Tis: Who lives in this house, newly painted and surrounded by an immaculate garden and where, it is evident, the people go to bed early, put the milk bottles on the step, pay the water bill; where saucepans shine and everything betokens order and cleanliness?
>
> Félix: A gentleman who lives with another man's wife.

And this:

> "Nothing seems to have moved on this beach," soliloquized M. Tis, "where perhaps Jacques Cartier strolled. This rock was there, and that other one. . . . Who knows, even, if it isn't the place where, on his first trip, he discovered copper and mica, which made him spread his sails for home to announce to his compatriots that there was gold and diamonds everywhere in Canada. . . .
>
> "News," interrupted Félix, "which must strangely have intensified the zeal of Frenchmen to come and evangelize the savages."

It is the same art as in the earlier *Félix,* of the same order as Baillargeon's and Brunet's whose wits were sharpened by acquaintance with moralists like Rivarol and Cardinal de Retz. To these M. Simard adds Sartre and Camus. Out of vacuity, absurdity (what Charbonneau calls absence of grandeur), stupid custom, and respect for "obsolete remains of days long since gone," it brings forth bitter consolations for disillusioned minds.

Edgar Morin's *Puce* is a more popular type of work. The theme is education for bureaucracy. It is the story of a boy of the lower town who, as he watches government officials streaming out of the Parliament buildings, reflects that there can be no fate more enviable than theirs. Herman, nicknamed "flea," was born in a frame building shut in between an agricultural warehouse and dirty stores in St. Roch. His father, "by his own efforts, rose to the noble profession of hackney coachman"; his brother Jacques, the prodigal son, went to live in Manchester; his pious sister Laura became a nun. One of the best satirical pieces describes the father in the act of showing American visitors the sights of the city. Before the statue of a soldier fallen for the defence of the Empire in 1899, he says: "Laurier sent this man to fight in Africa for John Bull's gold mines." Puce was unable to learn two rules of grammar but as a page in Parliament he could repeat whole speeches. This was an education in sophistry, and the sophistries he recited at home scandalized both his father and his pious sister. Laura, fearing that breaches were being made in Puce's faith, thought that when the session was over he should take a course in apologetics from the Abbé Landriault and proposed that the family should recite the rosary together every evening till the end of Lent. An old official said to Puce:

> "You want to be an official. That's your ideal. Fine! But take my word for it, when you've had twenty years in the service, like me, you'll have a sorry ideal. The service is a damp cellar and the civil servant is a vegetable that grows mouldy there. The ones that are kept fresh, for show, are not officials but intriguers. Trust to my experience. I have

gone from one department to another looking for a decent atmosphere. Everywhere the same absence. Talent, work, honesty — that gets you nowhere. Intrigue's the only thing that counts."

Another sidelight on education for bureaucracy is afforded by the case of Old Damase, the street hawker. Puce persuades him to apply for a place as robot. Robots are guardians of the people's property: they are infirm old men who sit at the doors of ministries or at the ends of corridors, saying nothing but seeing that nothing, neither chairs nor typewriters nor carpets, leave the building without official authorization. When war broke out Puce lost his job as page but Old Damase continued to sit at the door of the Treasury.

Félix Leclerc has won popular favour with the volumes of short stories to which he gave musical titles: *Adagio, Andante, Allegro.* A sensitive poetic imagination and a love of nature and humble folk are his chief gifts. The fables in his *Dialogues d'hommes et de bêtes* are pretty, neither deep nor subtle. The best creation is Sandale, the charmer or sorcerer who "poisons existence" by calling men to follow their dreams. To the bus-conductor he says: " 'The cold spring to dip your hands in. To lean your back against, the tree that has no cement lungs. I tell you that the sheep resemble the hills and that men of the sea have eyes like green water; I tell you that the goats of the country, you'd take them for pebbles when they are asleep on the edge of precipices. Me, I have inhaled the wind of the isles where the little white clouds have wings with yellow tips. Those clouds are called sea-gulls. You've never seen that?' "

The seven fictions called *Fantaisies sur les péchés capitaux* suggest that something in the nature of a miracle has happened in Roger Lemelin's art. *"Fantaisie"* is a literary as well as a musical term; with Musset and Toulet it was an attitude or mood which expressed itself in the smile with which the spirit drinks its bitter draught. M. Lemelin's stories are parables conveying the bitter irony of a world that has lost its vital spirit. Jean Simard has remarked that there are seven cardinal sins, but only one in Quebec, the sin of the flesh. There is only one theme in M. Lemelin's stories, the spirit of man bedevilled or stricken with impotency. The pathos is brought out by picturing the decaying or crippled physical body, the artistic impulse rendered impotent, or passion gone berserk. In the story of a consumptive girl, an old sorcerer, Death, offers an elixir to recapture the ecstasy of love. To counteract his feeling that activity is futile a man married to a sterile woman drinks whisky which gives him the illusion of youthful vitality. The son of a crippled father represents the power of swift movement the father has lost. The mother centres her love on the boy, and the father, in a fit of jealousy, strangles his son. After struggling in a garret to write a masterpiece, a writer falls into the clutches of the demon of financial speculation, becomes rich, and loses his power to write. The last and best story is that of a religious fanatic possessed by the demon of self-sacrifice which blinds him to the love of a girl who follows him as Mary Magdalene followed Jesus. M. Lemelin's symbolism is not easy to interpret, but he seems to suggest that, having lost the divine power of love, diseased and crippled humanity is tortured by fantastic illusions of vitality, by live demons which only Christ can exorcize. His art makes these illusions real and smiles or laughs at them, or is appalled by them. M. Lemelin's imagination creates fables, then his *fantaisiste* spirit coins the language of satire and irony. On occasion the effect is rather heavy, as in the story of the priest whom he uses to satirize the fad of uniqueness. The priest wanted his church to be unique; it was the only church in the city that had no columns; it was perhaps the only air-conditioned church in North America. The height of the ridiculous is reached when the priest engages a surrealist artist to paint the stations of the cross. But elsewhere the irony is subtle, in the last story particularly where "Take this whip and follow me" gives an ironic twist to Christ's words. The sensuous beauty of this *fantaisiste* imagery is far too precious to be popular: "His upset face bore in a smile all the passion of his soul. His eyes, like drenched stars which at long last pierce the darkness, were weeping gently. These pearls, tossed about by the water of every tempest, emerged, timid and enraptured, in the purity of a tranquil bay, unvisited by men or hurricanes."

Any person who reads the stories in Jean-Jules Richard's *Ville rouge* will be shocked by the immorality of the present generation; but the intention to shock is incidental to a more fundamental concern on the part of this author. In *Neuf jours de haine* M. Richard tried to find language that was quick with soldiers' tensions and nightmares. If in these stories he goes to cocktail parties, to Chinese restaurants or to bowling-alleys; if he tells us about waitresses, prostitutes, policemen, dope, liquor, and hot dogs, he does so because he believes these things are life and that literature is made with life, not with conventions. Conventions are dead things; the worship of authority sterilizes the artist. Life is lust. The title of one story, "Red Town," is symbolical of lust and the lust of money and disgust with the civilization based on it. For M. Richard, everything is quick, not only humans. "The branches hang so much. You'd say they are weary with hanging." Like certain young poets, like Paul-Marie Lapointe, of whom we shall speak later, M. Richard seeks to make the word quick again, to restore its life, its presence, its act. Act and feeling are one. It is conventional to speak of "steely" eyes; but M. Richard says: "The woman shoots Miche with the steel of her eyes. Two black holes. Two machine-gun souls." Romantic adjectives give place to nouns. Such an art necessitates a chain of objects and, in French, the abundant use of the preposition *de;* but it is a new creation, sparkling with visual qualities and alive with a keenness and a cruelty which may make the fathers of this generation shiver. Underneath these *staccato* acts and this Chaplinesque pantomime of wooden characters we feel a live spirit, the tormented spirit of youth rebellious against the misery and wretchedness of their lives. Perhaps the most successful of these stories is "A Lad is Thinking of His Girl," a story which is quick with the cruelty of parental authority. There is a farmhouse and a village, a father, a mother and a lad as big as his father. The story opens like this:

> The snow is sky blue.
>
> Méo's moccasins, tough as the bull whose hide they were made of, retrace the path to the barn. During the night, the snow has surely allowed itself to fall so that this morning everything might be draped in white like the little coffins of the brothers and sisters who died at birth.
>
> The mother said:
>
> "Angel feathers again everywhere. My little angels lose their feathers in winter."
>
> The father fixed a surly look on his wife. A little pout came on to Méo's lips. She rested her wrists on her deformed belly and fled for refuge into the cavernous air of the parlour. She went to finger the presence of her little angels. They were all there, represented by small squares of stuff with white flowers worked on them and adorned with a little lead star. Each piece of cloth came from a little coffin. Léda dragged herself eighteen times from the bed where she was confined to go and seize this souvenir.
>
> Méo does not understand his mother very well nor his father. She is cold and sad. She hardly ever speaks. She thinks only of her angels.

Méo, who thinks only of his girl, held a grudge against his father for not allowing him to go to the village to see her. Out in the bush Méo was pleased and yet conscience-stricken to see the tree he was felling strike his father. On his death-bed the father calls for a drink; Méo goes to the pump for water but the mother dashes it in his face. Méo wants to go for the doctor; the mother bites her lips and says the father never went for the doctor when she had her babies. She lifts the round lid of the stove and throws her souvenirs into the fire, one by one, repeating the names she would have given her babies. "At the eighteenth, the black passion in her eyes disappeared. She was calm, serene, as when her husband hadn't beaten her for a long time." "I'm going to the village," said Méo. "The mare is still outside the door." "You'd better take the cutter," said the mother. And as he went to the village, the bells jingling, Méo said aloud: "That's settled. From now on I'll go to the village whenever I want."

IV

There is a wide variety of feeling and style in the poetry to be considered this year. *Ciels nouveaux,* poems and drawings by Claude Bernard Trudeau, a young poet and artist, are rose-coloured, facile, and sentimental, lacking mystery. "La Jeune Pavane" presents the dance of life, *crescendo* and *diminuendo,* reminiscent of Hugo's "Les Djinns." Jean Léonard's *Naïade,* on the other hand, is a dance of death; the art is creative and subtle. Jean Léonard is the creator of ballets; he takes us back to Diaghilev, Stravinsky, Picasso, and Cocteau. How the pantomime originates is shown in "Le Peintre." At a sign from the painter blond phantoms come forth out of nothing. He makes the colour blue his page, green his mistress; red caresses his forehead. Colours, before becoming figures in the dance, are earth or metal and perhaps the new beauty in Léonard's poetry is the use he makes of the sciences of metallurgy, geography, geometry, and heraldry. In the language of heraldry the colour green is sinople. In "Eléeste," a creation myth, Sinople is a green bird which teaches children the science of life. It picks Eléeste up in its claws and flies to the forest where the ancient music of man's first dream vibrates and an elf dances under lace woven by a spider. Spleen and bitter irony accompany this tragic art—the tragedy of the artist in the world, the fascination of beauty and consequent destruction, the moth and the flame—which achieves its perfect form in the dance of death entitled "Ballet."

Sur l'esplanade,
Face au château de Janus,
Deux spectres dansent

Aux accords madrés
De l'orchestre d'Asmodée.
Almées nues,
Charmeuses d'Orient.
Le roi, de son allège,
S'enivre de ce spectacle fascinant.
Une frénésie cruelle le secoue.
D'un hurlement prolixe,
Il ouvre les portes du castel.
Des guerriers membrus,
Polichinelles enfants,
Entrent dans la danse
Et suivent l'appas,
Vers la destruction.

Sister Mary-Carmel, the historian of French literature in New England, links Rosaire Dion-Lévesque of Nashua, N.H., with Louis Dantin. "Like Louis Dantin's, Rosaire Dion's poetry is tinctured with pessimism. The author suffers from his inability to reach and express in vivid images and well-chiselled verses the distant aims of his thought." Twenty years ago Henri D'Arles spoke of Dion's difficulties. The surroundings in which he lived did not favour intellectual pursuits, there was nothing poetic in the jobs he had to do to earn a living; "it was only in the evening that he found himself free to follow his inner dream." Rosaire Dion is a saturnine poet with a sense of "black destiny." Like Nerval, he speaks, in *Solitudes,* of the "black sun" of melancholy. His desire is to swim in the ocean of life, drink the sunshine, intoxicate himself with azure, possess the earth, as those adventurers, his ancestors, had done before him; but he is chained by rooted habits, duties, conformities and he cannot rove. His desire is impotent; he is that sorry old vagabond he speaks of who with a stick, a legacy from his ancestors, goes limping along deserted roads in the black night, driven by fate towards an unknown end. Dion's originality consists in the tricks he invents to cheat loneliness, disappointment, frustration—tricks which do not work. Sailing (he tries to comfort himself) is disappointing; vast horizons are not worth the patch of azure where he dreams. Desire is vain, and to the autumn wind, crazy Wandering Jew, carried away by vain desire, he says:

Je sais la fatuité de ta course ivre et vaine,
Et j'ai mis le sceau blanc de la paix sur ma porte.

Nerval speaks of his "luth constellé" and Eloi de Grandmont of *La Jeune Fille constellée.* She is bright sunshine, "yellow heat," a quivering "dawn-like body," a water-nymph at summer beaches, summer fruit in a land of sun and water. But since he has not caught her, she is constellated like the night sky. Now it is the season of things past; flowered phantoms haunt the lake shores, memories are drowned in life; there are ardent combats "all along the green and white roads." As the poet depends on images to create feeling, his poems have a stark, concentrated beauty. Two images suffice to convey the essence of his loneliness:

> Là, les tentures laissent pendre
> Leurs mains lourdes;
> Là, les meubles sont morts.
>
> Ton souffle et le mien, cette course
> Est perdue
> Et je guette les bruits.
>
> Je monte un gros cheval de pierre
> Et sans rêve
> J'attends la fin des temps.

It is not plastic beauty but a blaze of passion that meets us in Paul-Marie Lapointe's *Le Vierge incendié*. A plethora of quicksilver images gives us the impression of something lush, luxuriant, libidinous, and destructive, with its nervous and moral aftermath, mockery and remorse. This poet feels the revolting cruelty of his condition, of his own life; he has an imagination which renders moral suffering by turning it into acts of acute physical torture. It would be interesting to study this poetry of exasperated nerves, this beautiful disorder of the senses, as we study Rimbaud's or any surrealist's illuminations. A reminiscence of childhood in Quebec must suffice. Here he represents birth as a primitive and revolting act of savages or "fecund she-wolves" in the bush; he sees adolescents "inculcated with foolish nonsense and a taste for very original vice" and "flogged by emotions having the coarse hair of blankets," their thirsting lips parched and split, "devoured by axes."

> Dans naissances poussives déchirées par les branchages des huttes indigènes dans les bois. Tendres enfances caressées par des louves fécondes et des paysages en carosse. Vieux professeurs et jeunes qui s'efforcent d'inculquer des bêtises et le goût d'une luxure très originale. Les adolescents fustigés par des émotions aux crins des draps, et les défenses de s'évader. Cheveux marins sur les corps dans les bras, grosses lèvres dévorées par les haches, tant d'autres martyrs. Un jour qu'on s'empare des livres, on fait un feu de tous les missels, un bûcher pour les cagots de curés. De la fumée, beaucoup de cendre, et peu de canonisations. Route libérée avec Dieu dans le rivage. Mais toute chair se ronge et couvre de

ruines l'existence libre. On est enchaîné par son visage un peu repoussant, la peur de Satan, et la mort de brique.

Georges Boiteau's new collection, *Aux souffles du pays,* celebrates the good earth of Quebec, the peasant and his holy calling; for spice, the author adds jibes at the bourgeois. After heroic verses describing a snow storm coming down from the north and leaving human destruction in its train, he issues urgent appeals for colonists. You poor folk, he calls, robust and resistant, heirs of the great soul of your ancestors, follow the example of the earliest colonist, Hébert; come north; open up the bush lands of Abitibi with your ploughs; possess the earth; the north is your destiny. Ruth Lafleur-Hétu issues a different call. This exalted guide takes us on "pilgrimages to the twenty-eight sanctuaries consecrated to Mary on the Island of Montreal." All the works of this poetess bear the title of *"conte,"* to which she evidently attributes lyrical and religious virtues. Frankly it is not easy to classify a rhapsody like *Le Conte du pèlerin,* composed of historical anecdotes, supplications, pious ejaculations, and exhortations to pilgrims.

There is nothing subtle in the art of Jean-Pierre Bonneville's prose poems, *Le Banquet nocturne.* It consists in illustrating the dreary farce of life, man's hunger and thirst, his inhumanity, his shipwrecked dreams, by means of human types, human interest stories, and nature analogies. "Dead leaves, used garments of the sleeping forests, veil with your carpet of humus our turpitude, frailties, our lack of courage." Little old ladies looking out of windows on a rainy day are pictures of dreariness; a prostitute is the inevitable capsizing of dreams in the reality of life. The bitterest of these pieces is the blind man's prayer: shut up in his inner dream like a snail in its shell, he prays for deafness and dumbness, additional defences against men's calumnies, rancours, egoisms.

The Société Historique de la Chaudière has thought of a novel way of honouring a native son, the poet William Chapman (1850-1917) who spoke of the region as an Eden and Eldorado. It has published *Quelques poèmes* of Chapman, selected and arranged by M. Luc Mercier, to make Chapman's work "accessible and attractive to the compatriot of today."

V

M. Harry Bernard's *Le roman régionaliste aux Etats-Unis,* "conceived, thought and written with the intention of rendering service to French-Canadian letters," is an enormous piece of research undertaken with the aid of the Rockefeller Foundation of New York. The study of each region is followed by a bibliography and the work is provided with indices of proper names and titles. M. Bernard's method, especially in treating the literature of the southern states, is to examine the fiction of each region during four historical periods: the colonial, civil war, reconstruction, and contemporary periods. He begins with an introductory word to fix the literary effort in the historical framework; then the human picture is lighted up by summaries of the best-known or typical novels. He often uses another historical intuition: the early regional literature begins with a use of local colour, descriptions of local manners and customs, and attains full stature with the coming of realism, which is art at grips with modern conditions of life. It would appear that, in his view, M. K. Rawlings' *The Yearling* is the masterpiece of regionalism in the United States. The studies of landscape and local customs, of regional themes such as the conflict of races and social problems created by the degeneracy of the poor whites, more especially of the French literature of Louisiana, are aspects of M. Bernard's work which may render service to writers in French Canada.

A work by M. Gérard Paré, *Les Idées et les lettres au XIII^e siècle,* sponsored by the Institut d'Etudes Médiévales Albert-le-Grand, may interest few outside the circles of medievalists, but it is a fine piece of scholarship. As the author studied that famous classic of medieval literature, *Le Roman de la rose,* he intuited that the second part had a deeper meaning than scholars had thought. The numerous scholastic terms used by Jean de Meun led him to examine the poem from the point of view of scholastic themes and attempt to discover its meaning. He is of opinion that the conception of love which underlies Jean de Meun's work was intended to refute or satirize the courtly love of the first part, written by Guillaume de Lorris, and he is certain that the natural love of Jean de Meun, and the hedonism that accompanies it, is based on a specifically Aristotelian principle and came from the Faculty of Arts in Paris, on the programmes of which were inscribed the principal works of Aristotle.

Dr. Séraphin Marion devotes the sixth volume of *Les Lettres canadiennes d'autrefois* to *La Querelle des humanistes canadiens au XIX^e siècle.* The quarrel in Canada was a replica of the quarrel in France between Mgr Gaume and Mgr Dupanloup.

Essentially an ecclesiastical controversy of a peculiarly acrimonious character, it involved a denunciation of post-Renaissance humanism, a critique of educational principles, and it even fanned political animosities. The core of the dispute was the thesis of Mgr Gaume's manifesto, *Le Ver rongeur* (1851). For three centuries, it was claimed, the youth of France had been initiated into the secrets of Greek and Latin literature by means of unexpurgated texts; they were pagan in their attachment to the rights of man, their pursuit of pleasure; their morals were often the negation of gospel teaching. The Christian teacher must purge pagan literature and increase the hours of study devoted to the gospel and the Church Fathers. The chief of the "gaumists" in Canada was the Abbé Alexis Pelletier; his chief opponent the Abbé T. A. Chandonnet. Dr. Marion analyses the several pamphlets published by M. Pelletier, the seventh of which was the great work *La Réforme chrétienne des études classiques* (1875), a synthesis of the earlier pamphlets. Finally Bishop Baillargeon's charge to cease publishing anything more on the question brought the controversy officially to a close, although echoes of it continued to be heard for years after. Dr. Marion closes with a dissertation on Christian humanism, the last word of which is this: "These two valiant soldiers, Mgr Gaume and the Abbé Pelletier, have made a breach in pagan humanism. Without demolishing the edifice, let us enlarge the breach. With purer air let us bring celestial manna to the besieged who have so often had to feast on the meagre diet of paganism."

In their "Collection du Nénuphar," Fides has published Saint-Denys-Garneau's complete poems, including those previously published in *Regards et jeux dans l'espace* and his last poems, to which Jean Le Moyne and Robert Elie have given the title of "Les Solitudes." M. Elie has written an introduction of fifteen pages. In this introduction and Dr. M. B. Ellis's little book, *De Saint-Denys-Garneau: art et réalisme,* we now have critical apparatus of a high order to help us toward an understanding of this poet. Students of Garneau's *"art spiritualiste"* will find in Dr. Ellis's book many delicate analyses and stimulating interpretations, together with a helpful poetic dictionary. The elucidation of Garneau's aesthetic principles with the aid of his art criticism, the interpretation of the poet's imagery, are brilliant essays by a mind that has lived in close communion with this poetry. Dr. Ellis excels in her study of "the struggle for the ideal," Garneau's thirst for spiritual reality and his consciousness of the limits of natural man, captive of sense. M. Elie has the advantage of knowing Garneau's unpublished diary. With it he has been able to elucidate the poet's "inner crisis" and compose this introduction, which is a masterly psychological interpretation, remarkable for its understanding of poetic and religious experience in general as well as for its particular penetration of Garneau. At twenty-two, says M. Elie, two decisive things happened to Garneau: the meeting with his destiny, that is, his vocation as poet; and that meeting with death which revealed to him at the same time the true countenance of life. These experiences led to inner solitude and silence, to that night of the spirit in which the poet, face to face with death, has nothing to sustain him but his faith. Garneau knew that charity, not poetry, could save him and this certitude induced him to strip himself of all the little lies that stood in the way. "His last poems evoke an irremediable solitude: the drama is consummated and the last efforts of the poet are toward expressing silence and night, without hope of conquering them." Expression is simple, language is stripped of its prestige, its rare music; "a few simple words, because they burst in the silence, suffice to say everything. . . . The theme of the bones dominates here. It is a question of sloughing the envelope which has participated in the lies of life. Our skeleton has not been sullied or deformed; it alone is the true image of ourselves. Thus stripped, we really know what we are. . . . It is the supreme test of our reality, far beyond intentions and desires, which are only illusions."

M. Roger Rolland's *Poésie et versification* is a small book packed with substance and is worth pondering if only for the few pages devoted to Canadian poetry; but it is also a good study of the problem of the nature of poetry as it confronts the contemporary poet and critic. M. Rolland begins where contemporary poetry begins, with the effort of men like Nerval and Baudelaire to find the mysterious reality hidden behind the so-called real. Here the key words are "presence" and "reality." Poetry seeks to give back to things their presence, to communicate reality. Language, by its visual qualities, helps to re-establish the present image of things. Since the image is incorporated in the word which bears it, the word engenders a series of rhythmic effects. Rhythm gradually takes possession of us, plunges our minds into a sort of hypnosis; this is called its power of incantation. Claudel's rhythms are like the waves of the sea, the prolonged rolling envelops and calms us. The symmetrical and perfect rhythm of the Alexandrine line is the instinctive product of our lyrical activity; but arithmetical rhythm, the regularity in the repetition of a series of Alexandrine lines, is artificial, as "the movements of the soul correspond only at certain special moments to the order, peace and august serenity of the Alexandrine rhythm." The poets of the twentieth century have learned to do without classical versification and seek less artificial rhythms. M. Rolland notes two tendencies in Canadian poetry: the regular line of Nelligan and the free line of Saint-Denys-Garneau. Of the latter he writes: "For the first time in the history of Canadian poetry we hear a voice speaking to us. . . . We, too, feel this dark implacable duality of future joy and present life." M. Rolland believes that what was promise in Garneau is reality in Edmond Labelle, the poet of *La Quête de l'existence* (1944). In Labelle's "Triptyque d'automne" the rhythms and breaks in the rhythm are those of autumn, "with its despairing and splendid confusion."

"Alsace," says Yvan Goll of the country where he was raised, "was a corridor full of draughts between sweet France and violent Germany. Who, of my generation, did not contract bronchitis?" Goll took part in the expressionist movement in Berlin. He spent the war years, 1914-18, in Switzerland, where the expressionists sought refuge. Later, in Paris, he frequented the Café Certa, met the dadaists and surrealists, Breton, Eluard, Soupault, and Aragon. In 1939 he came to Cuba and finally to Brooklyn, New York, where he founded the review *Hémisphères*. Europe was in a state of decomposition, thought the poet, and coined the word "Eurocoque" to designate "the European malady, the bacillus of internal dissolution." M. Louis-Marcel Raymond has written an essay on the life and work of Yvan Goll by way of preface to a selection of Goll's poems. Goll is known for such creations as "La Chaplinade," the first appearance of Charlie Chaplin in literature; "Jean sans terre"; and, to Canadians, for his "Le Mythe de la Roche Percée." Canadian poets like Léonard and Lapointe may know this "surrealist Villon" and M. Montpetit would no doubt find something "cordial" in the poem on Percé Rock, a myth into which the poet has put "two parts of geology and one part of magic."

M. Jean-Pierre Bonneville, the poet of whom we spoke a moment ago, has published a "literary study" entitled *De Valdombre à André Gide*. A great admirer of Claude-Henri Grignon, M. Bonneville made a pilgrimage to Sainte-Adèle and visited the author of the *Pamphlets de Valdombre* among his collection of Bloy and Gide. We learn that as M. Grignon grew up he turned from Renan, France, Faguet to Bloy, Maurras, Léon Daudet, the last of whom, "the sagacious and royalist Daudet," left the deepest impression on Grignon the critic. M. Bonneville has rummaged the four bulky volumes of *Pamphlets* and collected bits of mordant wit: a character sketch of a man Grignon did not like, Bourassa; a few nature sketches and intimate, personal pieces in the style of confessions. The relation linking Valdombre to Gide, M. Bonneville evidently found in Valdombre the critic of men he does not like, for when he turns to Gide all he finds is Gide's dislike of Barrès. This young critic leaves us in no doubt respecting his critical allegiance: "Léon Daudet is, with Thibaudet and better than du Bos, the first critic of our time."

There is little in M. Roland Denis's *Les Vingt Siècles du français* that can be called literary criticism. The author is primarily interested in noting the development of the language out of Latin, the enrichment by borrowings at the Renaissance, and the influence of journalism, science, and the anglomania of modern times. The last chapter is devoted to the French language in Canada. "At present there exist in Canada three linguistic categories: the language of the cultured classes, that of the people in the cities, and the speech of the rural population." The language of the large cities leaves most to be desired. On a streetcar in Montreal one hears: "Tout le monde débarque, on change de char," or "O.K. les portes, avancez en avant! Mouvez don' un peu, s'y vous plâ!" There are some sixteen pages on the "literary language," little more than a list of names, and a note on the improvement in university education as a consequence of the economic and scientific revolution in progress in the province.

It might not be amiss here to draw attention to two publications bearing upon music and literature. The first, *Introduction à la musique,* is a book by M. Jean Vallerand, composer and secretary of the Conservatory of the Province of Quebec, containing talks delivered over the radio on the great masters of Europe and the United States. The second is a new quarterly devoted to art, music, and literature, with the odd title *Qui?* Besides reproductions of paintings, each number contains notes on art exhibitions, music recitals, and short biographies. In the first number there is an interesting note on Ruth Sorel and the Canadian ballet: "Ruth Sorel, choreographer and ballerina of Montreal, has created a typically national ballet, *La Gaspésienne.* . . . *La Gaspésienne,* together with *The Red Ear of Corn* by

Boris Volkoff, music by John Weinzweig, will remain in our annals of choreography as the two first purely national ballets." The biographies include Albani, queen of song, by Romain Gour; Jean-Baptiste Meilleur, physician and educator, by Léon Lortie; Calixa Lavallée, by Eugène Lapierre; Napoléon Bourassa, "father of the fine arts in Canada," by Mgr. Maurault.

VI

Full-length biographies are rare this year;[1] M. Robert Rumilly's *Le Frère Marie-Victorin* is the most imposing. The boyhood of the famous botanist; his continual struggle with his lungs and heart; his teaching career; his efforts "to dissipate the lingering prejudices against scientific method"; his travels in Europe, South Africa, Cuba; his studies of the flora of Quebec and his other writings which influenced contemporary poets and novelists; the founding of the French-Canadian Association for the advancement of science and the Botanical Institute of Montreal: all of these fairly well-known facts and scholarly achievements are recorded permanently in detail in this well-documented biography. Father Robert Valois' *Le Père François-Michel Roberge, 1866-1941,* is the story of a boy born of humble parents in the diocese of Joliette who took holy orders, spent thirty-two years of his life teaching, and became sixth superior general of his order. Father Roberge encouraged his scholastics to practise the Rule and cultivate the Christian spirit of faith and charity. Happiness, he used to say, even when suffering from glaucoma, resides in resignation to God's will. "He was not schooled," writes Father Valois, "to search the depths of St. Thomas or St. John of the Cross, but his meditation was of a nature to feed the religious life of each and all of us."

Number 13 of the publications of the Société Historique du Saguenay is a sort of autobiography. In 1894 Jack Tremblay and his bride set off on a 5,000-mile honeymoon trip to Fortymile on the Yukon River. Father M. Bobillier, of Fort Selkirk, Y.T., has used Madame Tremblay's memories to write this sketch of their life and fortunes in that Arctic mining camp. There were few miners at Miller Creek, a gold-bearing stream where Tremblay prospected. The spectacular discovery of gold was made on the Klondike in 1894 and on the Bonanza in 1896. The Tremblays did not make a fortune; once they took a trip to Europe; but after losing money in mining speculations Madame Tremblay opened a store in Dawson and lived there from 1913 until 1940. Her intrepid courage—she was the first white woman to cross the Chilcoot Pass—and her cheerfulness earned for her many honours and eulogies. She was known as the "mother" of the miners and missionaries, and Mrs. George Black, M.P. for the Yukon, called her "a real Florence Nightingale."

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[1] With this section on biography and autobiography should be mentioned Paul-Émile Borduas' *Projections libérantes,* which was considered by Mr. D. W. Buchanan in the April issue of the QUARTERLY.

Father Augustin-M. Séguin's book with the Augustinian title, *Mes Confessions,* is frankly autobiographical. As humour is rare in French-Canadian literature it is a pleasure to come upon a book so full of hearty good humour as to make the reader long for more. In the first part Father Séguin recounts his escapades at school; in the second, his trials and tribulations as a shepherd of souls. He belongs to an order of preachers. As a preacher he is, or rather was, not very successful; as a director of souls he is inimitable. He has kept his peasant's love of fresh air and fishing. His narrative ripples with witticisms: a certain commercial traveller had "faith that would overturn the Rockies"; "Madame X rose without saying a word and, green as a necktie on St. Patrick's day, left the office"; "I trembled like the rear of a Ford car on an old macadam road"; "One must have a lot of faith to believe that Corinda belongs to the fair sex." But Father Séguin excels as an anecdotist. Some editor of a book of anecdotes for school use will one day come upon his story of the old priest and the canary, and this account of his first sermon:

> As it was my first sermon I prepared it to the best of my ability, but I mounted the steps of the pulpit trembling like an aspen leaf. I had chosen for my subject the parable of the prodigal son. I began with a sign of the cross that amazed my audience. . . . Then, with admirable self-assurance, I gave out my text: "I will arise and go to my father." But right there I could not remember a single word of my sermon. Darkness and black night full of terrors. I clenched my two fists; I began again and repeated: "I will arise and go to my father." It was still night and more and more frightful. Nothing came. What could I do? Ashamed, I descended the steps of the pulpit and I found I had to pass near to His Reverence the Vicar who was rising from his seat. As I passed he said to me smiling but so that the farthest pews could hear: "Kind regards to your father!"

M. Montpetit's second volume of *Souvenirs* extends from 1900 to 1920. After three years in France he began his teaching at the Ecole des Hautes Etudes Commerciales with a score of students. He tells of his efforts to build up a library of works on political economy; the French Mission which brought to this country such notables as Gabriel Hanotaux, Louis Barthou, Blériot the aviator, René Bazin; the founding of the magazines *La Revue trimestrielle canadienne* (1915), and *L'Action française* (1917); the work of his colleague Joseph Baril; the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the University of California. At Berkeley, M. Montpetit was impressed by the university "built in the shade of eucalyptus trees and gnarled old oaks which resemble old scholars, dry but robust. . . . Rising near the mountains to which adventurers came in the middle of last century, it spreads like a reality and a symbol. One feels American thought vibrating there." He reflects: "Wealth recognized it had duties. The American millionaire gave millions to social and educational projects. The profits of industry, commerce and finance returned to the collectivity, remunerated the artist, freed the thinker." These memoirs are not merely records of events in the life of a man; they take us to the sources of his ideas and theories. M. Montpetit tells us he came away from the lecture rooms of Paris with a "harvest of notes" which he organized and adapted to Canadian experience. But it is remarkable that the most important notes, those which have most powerfully directed his thinking since those Paris days were not notes on political economy but notes from the works of a literary man, Maurice Barrès. With what emotion he climbed towards Sainte-Odile in Alsace which to Barrès was a summit or refuge of French thought, an emblem of French resistance to Germany! National energy, the meeting of two civilizations, the cult of the past, the defence of the French tradition, bastions against the encroachments of an alien race, were ideas which passed from Barrès into a religious and poetic Canadian soul and blossomed there. As an economist M. Montpetit may speak learnedly on a commodity known as wheat, but no economic science taught him to feel the intimate relationship between wheat and the god of harvests. As he looks over a newly harvested wheat-field he notices that the shocks are bowing their heads like nuns at prayer: "The harvest is rendering thanks. . . . It is the eternity of the prayer to the God of harvests, the acquiescence of thought before the Infinite." "All my life," he writes, "I have dreamed of describing our country, of tracing its 'cordial geography.'" In notes, "scattered like colours on a palette," he has captured some of the landscapes to which his heart is attached. Here is the Peak of

Dawn, Gaspé: "Facing the bay, Mount St. Anne and its red table top. The pines are climbing over it. From this sacred promontory Longwe, Indian chief, standing before his people, greeted the rising sun. As he descended he looked at the cross which the Fathers had planted in the ground. Is it not the drama of the *Colline inspirée?*"

There is a kind of confession which expresses itself in the epigrammatic form we find in M. Louis-Philippe Robidoux' *Feuilles volantes.* Behind these scattered thoughts, "fruits of long hours of meditation," we feel the presence of the seventeenth-century moralists—the same taste for synthesis and conceit, the same old "reasons of the heart," but less bitterness and more of the joy of living: "Sing to your sorrow, you will put it to sleep"; "Where are the brooks of milk and honey of yesteryear?" "When it's freezing to split a rock it's good to think of June roses"; and, more profoundly perhaps, "Man's greatest error is to believe that the divine plan is changeable."

Lastly, there is the confession of the agonizing body: that of M. Eddy Boudreau's *La Vie en croix* and Marie-Claire Tremblay's journal. In both these cases the religious soul has transformed the body's sufferings into sources of art. "A sad saint is a sorry saint," says M. Boudreau who, after long years of suffering, can write: "For fifteen years I have had to give up all the dreams that all men dream. . . . The years have passed; long years during which my soul has been thrown about on the rough seas of human cruelty seeking a port in which to cast anchor. At last I have found it. I have found God." The journal of Mlle Tremblay is mystical literature and it is not unlikely that it will be linked with that of Mary of the Incarnation. Marie-Claire Tremblay of Joliette died of consumption at the age of twenty-three. During the last six years of her life she kept a diary which Father Pierre Tremblay has edited, *Marie-Claire Tremblay (1916-1939),* illuminating it with biographical and interpretative notes and ordering it according to a pattern of spiritual progress: "Along the *Via Dolorosa,*" "Transformation in Depth," "In the Steps of an Ascending Soul," "The Summits," "The Consummation." Because of sickness Marie-Claire missed years of schooling, but sickness gave her leisure to read and in her diary she was able to express her religious experience, the dispositions, or as Father Tremblay puts it, "the higher degrees of the mystic ascension of her soul," in language she learned from mystical writers: St. Theresa of Avila, St. John of the Cross, St. Theresa of Lisieux, Blessed Pierre-Julien Eymard, St. Louis-Marie Grignion de Montford, and others. After the manner of those authors she speaks of betrothal and "transforming union" or spiritual marriage. All her life she fought with the "sin of pride," that pride which accompanied her consciousness of having received unique gifts and blessings, of being a soul of some worth. This ineradicable conviction caused her many restless moments, but the works of Elizabeth of the Trinity taught her to render thanks to God for her gifts. Her malady occasioned sudden surges of animosity and bitterness; then she took a vow of perpetual abandonment to the Holy Trinity, vowing to live in supernatural indifference, to sacrifice her repugnances and attractions and all that does not favour the accomplishment of God's will. She also took a vow of perpetual chastity which made her the spouse of Christ. "That is precisely to what I tend: union." The spiritual climate of her soul was an atmosphere of desire for suffering and passive humiliation. To prepare herself for union she avidly sought the sufferings and humiliations of Christ. Describing her prayer, she wrote: "I spent forty minutes with Him. I was with Him and I loved Him; I loved Him and I was with Him." As Father Tremblay remarks, "a soul in a state of union cannot cease thinking of God. Its attention will often be distracted by the slavish things of life. These demands arouse in the hearts of these persons an ardent desire for death." In face of death, conscious of the work of destruction that was going on in her body, she wept with joy. "At present I can say with St. Paul: 'I desire the dissolution of my body so that I can be with Jesus Christ.' "

VII

Studies of religious and charitable institutions often partake of two natures: they are biographies of founders and histories of the vicissitudes of institutions. One of Father Paul-Henri Barabé's new books, *Un Siècle de miséricorde,* is an account of the Sisters of Mercy founded by Mother Marie of the Nativity whose special work is the care of orphans and "madeleines," lambs who have strayed and returned to the fold for refuge. Sister Jeanne Bernier's *Trois Siècles de charité à l'Hôtel-Dieu de Montréal* continues the work of Sister Morin, first annalist of the Hôtel-Dieu and indeed our first writer born in this country, and Sister Mondoux, author of the monumental history of the Hôtel-Dieu from 1642 to 1763; the second part, dealing with the third century of its existence, is more properly the work of Sister Bernier. It is a story of the heroic devotion of the Sisters of St. Joseph in times of distress caused by conquest, revolution (they lost their principal sources of revenue at the time of the French Revolution), disastrous fires, and the typhus epidemic of 1847. Sister M.-Carmen René's *Sœurs grises nicolétaines* is a scholarly work of 340 pages, containing material for a biography of Venerable Mother Youville as well as a history of the Hôtel-Dieu at Nicolet. At the age of fifty-two Mother Youville (1833-1910) was called to found a house at Nicolet. Besides her other labours she performed the duties of annalist; every evening she noted the events of the day and thus inaugurated the "chronicles" of the Grey Sisters of Nicolet from which Sister M.-Carmen René has drawn some of the substance of her work. Venerable Mother Youville believed in work and prayer; she was expert with needle and crochet hook, but she was known above all for her love of the poor and her maternal sympathy for orphans. Her chronicles are tinged with her own spirit; she was especially solicitous when the Oblate Father Lacombe requested four of her sisters for his mission among the Indians of Alberta. Her biographer speaks of her "favourite meditation," "the brevity of life and the prospect of returning the talent to the Master after making it bear fruit." Mgr Wilfrid Lebon's *Histoire du Collège de Sainte-Anne-de-la-Pocatière* belongs to same order of writing. The institution is a classical college and the book is constructed with materials drawn from annals kept by the superiors, of whom Mgr Lebon is one. It is, in part, a portrait gallery of the founder and successive superiors. Biographical matter is extended in an appendix containing thirty-three short biographies drawn from annals and other sources. It is a solid work in two volumes based on docucentary sources and constructed with scholarly method, yet in the intention of the author it is a work of "filial piety" rather than "historical science."

Among these narratives of pious endeavour, we may mention *Une Aurore sous les tropiques,* by Hélène Beaumont-La-Ronce, which describes the labours of French-Canadian Sisters of St. Francis in Haïti: mastering the creole language, fighting voodoo superstitions and malaria, caring for undernourished and anaemic natives who often suffer from maladies of the eyes caused by strong light and abundance of dust.

When we turn to historical writing proper we find it inseparable from biography but we also face the problem of scientific method suggested above, the importance of which will appear as the years go on. Professor Guy Frégault's latest work is a two-volume biography of François Bigot, the last intendant of New France. It is a question of the character of a man in high place and of administrative corruption which sucked the blood out of the colony and prepared the fall of New France. Later historians have thought that Bigot has been treated as a scapegoat, sacrificed to the resentment of a nation which had lost Canada through misfortunes of another order. Believing that Bigot's case deserves to be reviewed, M. Frégault attempts to do it. "Who is Bigot?" he asks, and proceeds to work out the identity of the man and his claim to nobility. After marshalling and analysing documents, he inclines to believe that Bigot was of humble origin, a *parvenu* among the nobility; his social condition was not as brilliant as he made it appear; but he was a man of his times, he shared the vices of a dissolute age.

What were the intentions of France regarding Canada at the time of the American revolution? What was the policy of the American Congress regarding Canada? In Professor Marcel Trudel's view these two questions are inseparable. *Louis XVI, le Congrès américain et le Canada* seeks to demonstrate this thesis: Louis XVI entrusted his foreign policy to a new man with new ideas, Vergennes; this new man led the absolute monarchy to favour the revolting colonists; he put aside the plan cherished up to then of avenging the defeat of 1763 by retaking Canada; as soon as trouble broke out in America, Vergennes found it much more profitable to leave Canada to England. In judging the success of French foreign policy towards Canada, M. Trudel refuses to discuss the question of power and the attitude of the Canadian people. On the latter point, however, he permits himself this word: "Neither is it a question of wondering if the Canadians desired the return of the *fleur-de-lis.* We must not allow ourselves to be lured by poets. England had allowed Canadians to participate in the government of the country; she had officially adopted the policy of tolerance with regard to the Catholic religion; she had authorized the use of French civil law, thereby indirectly recognizing the use of the French language; and she had introduced printing, which had not been known in Canada under the French régime."

In these works of M. Frégault and M. Trudel there is an identity of method which is significant when we consider that both of these young scholars are professors of Canadian history, one in Montreal, the other in Quebec, a fact which seems to indicate a new orientation of historical thinking in French Canada. If we examine M. Frégault's writings up to now we find that they are all ordered according to one pattern: there is first an exhaustive bibliography, occupying from ten to twenty pages; then follow an introduction, the chapters which form the body of the work, a conclusion, and an index. Besides, the narrative of each chapter is escorted by notes at the foot of the page, amounting in cases to over 250. Obviously M. Frégault desires before everything else to be scientific, not to make any statement without adducing documentary evidence, and in this way hopes to convince the reader that he possesses and speaks the truth. M. Trudel follows the same pattern precisely. At the same time he is conscious of the effect this new spirit will have on old rhetoricians and future searchers after truth. In a foreword he writes:

> We have sought to apply to this study the methods of scholarship, although in certain circles history is still considered as a work of art, a dramatic representation in the course of which we would be shocked to see the play of strings behind the scenes. It is strange that an historian should find himself reduced to apologizing for having accumulated references and a bibliographical apparatus. History, in French Canada, is still comfortably seated on the chair of rhetoric and looks down its nose at the historian-searcher who wants to be scientific. The former method supports itself on fine phrases, the latter on sources and it is this latter method which, despite everything, will most surely reach historical truth. In adopting scientific method we do no more than follow in the way so brilliantly marked out by the erudite historian Guy Frégault.

Scientific method is not new, even in French Canada. It would be interesting to study its application to history from Garneau to Gérin, Lanctot, and Maheux. One paradoxical aspect of the problem is that while this change is taking place in French Canada, in Europe, after a hundred years of scientific discipline, historians like Herbert Butterfield have turned to a religious conception, linking history to theology, a "system of necessity," Providence, and man's universal sin.

The three or four following works illustrate how documents may be used in historical study. Volumes XXII and XXIII of M. Rumilly's *Histoire de la Province de Québec* bring the record down to the armistice of 1918. M. Rumilly's sources are chiefly journalistic. M. Ernest Laforce includes this historian among merchants, pioneers, senators, ministers of agriculture, and ministers of grace in his third gallery of "builders of the country," *Apôtres de la terre*. The portrait is interesting. Like all builders of the country, says M. Laforce, M. Rumilly is interested in the possession of the Canadian soil by rural Canadian families, the development of natural resources for the benefit of the people; he is an historian no longer merely concerned with sources but with moral, practical, and national values. Like Garneau and Hémon he seems to say: "Keep intact your institutions, your ways of living, thinking, praying. . . . Always keep your French and Catholic traditions." "Tall, slim, elegantly yet unpretentiously dressed . . . his searching eyes hidden behind spectacles . . . indefatigable worker . . . he renders to Canadians the greatest service in making them conscious of themselves, instructing them through the medium of their history, pointing out to them the way towards material progress, economic, social, religious, artistic and political power."

M. Gustave Lanctot once drew a distinction between two classes of historians; he spoke of "this muscular organization of historical demonstration which is the very opposite of the profuse oratorical demonstration of historians of the school of the Abbé Groulx." French Canada may be justly proud of Canon Groulx as servant of the Church, but it looks as though the future will be severe on him as historian. He seems to have lived in a glorious dream; and history has been to him an art rather than a science, nourishment for his fervent imagination. There is something noble, if pitiful, in his effort to collect the vestiges of a lost grandeur, and it is in the trappings of a noble aspiration, the independence of Canada, that he dresses his hatred of Britain and his Anglo-Canadian "compatriots." In *L'Indépendance du Canada,* after explaining why he was refused admission to the Royal Society ("Could a society bearing the name of a 'Royal Society' admit into its bosom a subject so disloyal to the British Crown?"), he writes: "A few of us were inclined to wonder if perchance, before dying, it would not be granted us to breathe at last the air of a country which would be ours, only ours; and if, above our heads, a flag, it too our flag, only ours, would not fly, to announce, with the end of colonialism, the advent of a true fatherland, in the intoxicating joy of a celebration of independence."

The author of *Le Canada et la deuxième Grande Guerre,* M. Stanislas Vachon, applies documentary method to the end of demonstrating the existence of what he calls "the occult power." "In Canada," he writes, "there exists an occult and very powerful organization which directs the whole life of our country in the interests of England or the Empire. . . . This power is interested in the nomination of all the leaders. . . . It is the power which directs the fight against the French-Canadian element and seeks to limit the influence which it fears. . . . Its power rests on money, on honours, and on perfectly organized propaganda. . . . It filters into us through all the fissures, through all the pores of our skin." Argentina, says M. Dostaler O'Leary, is a country which resembles Canada; it has been subject to domination by foreign capital, with desperate poverty as the chief consequence. The novel element in his *Introduction à l'histoire de l'Amérique latine* is the appraisal of Señor Peron's régime. To relieve the condition of the people, to obtain economic and political independence for Argentina, Señor Peron has bought out or expropriated foreign interests and nationalized certain industries. He extends a friendly hand to Russia, Spain, England, the United States, Canada, irrespective of their political ideologies, in the hope of finding markets. A country without external debt, Argentina is now a lending country. By her financial aid, moral example, and a sort of Monroe doctrine of Latin America for Latin Americans she is gathering other South American republics about her in a common desire to fulfil their "manifest destiny."

La Renaissance acadienne au XX^{e} siècle, by Brother Antoine Bernard, the professor of Acadian history at Montreal, is the story of the resurrection of a people. The Acadian population is now greatest in New Brunswick and at the rate it is increasing it looks as if New Brunswick will shortly become the second French province in the Dominion. The story extends from 1880 to the religious movement after the late war and contains portraits of notable personalities and accounts of "organisms of French survival" such as the co-operative movement first begun among the miners of Cape Breton and later fostered by St. Francis Xavier University at Antigonish, the mutual benefit society of L'Assomption at Moncton, and schools of various kinds. School children are now taught their mother tongue, "guardian of the faith," and they have their little *Histoire de l'Acadie* which Brother Bernard has provided for them; "they know the moral grandeur of their past and to it they attach their hopes for the present." At Grand Pré there is a memorial church, with Hébert's statue of Evangeline, shrine and "symbol of Catholic and French fidelity." One picturesque passage in Brother Bernard's book describes a procession of pilgrims from Lafayette, Louisiana, to the tomb of their ancestors at Grand Pré. In the group of forty pilgrims were twenty-five Evangelines, some with English, some with Spanish names, but all with Acadian blood in their veins, wearing the traditional costume: blue dress, black lace bodice, white Breton coif and apron. The same number of Acadian Evangelines, in similar costume, paid a return visit to Louisiana. Pilgrimages are not the only evidences of the vitality of Acadian sentiment. Exiled Acadians have built little *Cadies* in many places in Canada and Louisiana. There is one near Joliette, the history of which is told by two Acadians, Fathers Guy Courteau and François Lanoue, in *Une Nouvelle Acadie: Saint-Jacques de l'Achigan.*

Nos Pionniers de l'ouest is another of Brother Bernard's publications. It contains nine biographies of French Canadians who explored lands which are now United States territory. The materials are drawn from *Canadiens de l'ouest,* a forgotten work by Joseph Tassé, whose centenary Brother Bernard wishes to mark in this way.

The Oblate Father Joseph-Etienne Champagne is director of the Institut de Missiologie at Ottawa. As we learned from his massive volume, *Manuel d'action missionnaire* (1947), his interest is mainly centred on missionary method. *Les Missions catholiques dans l'ouest canadien* is a study of the efforts of Oblate missionaries in Alberta and his judgment is guided by whether a method is successful or not. Father Belmont's method was to civilize the Indians in order to convert them. But the Crees and Blackfeet are nomads, hunters, and cannot be grouped in a settlement. Father Lacombe, whom we met in Sister M.-Carmen René's book, tried the same method. Stimulated by the idea of protecting the Indians against Protestantism he attempted to teach them agriculture, ploughed the land, and distributed small squares to each family. Again the method failed. Father Lacombe built a house but lived in it only between hunting parties, on which occasions he followed the Indians. The Mazenod method only worked with the Métis. At St. Albert, seat of the bishop, fifty Métis families were grouped around the mission and lived on the fruits of their fields. Here the missionaries had a farm and a flour mill and taught agriculture to the Métis.

The studies in *Les Cahiers des Dix* for 1948 deal with British Columbia, particularly the Catholic missionaries and the French-Canadian population of the province; the St. Maurice forges; notorious clubs and societies of former days (L'Ordre de Bon Temps, L'Ordre de Malte, The Beef-Steak Club, The Beaver Club)—dining and drinking clubs; Charles William Carrier, the industrialist of Lévis; Rameau de Saint-Père, the French historian whose interest in Canada was first quickened by talks with Canadian missionaries in Algeria; genealogy and genealogists. This historical society has sponsored a work by Dr. Victor Morin, who wrote the article on the notorious clubs. It is entitled *La Légende dorée de Montréal,* a title more appropriate to the Ruth Lafleur-Hétu kind of pilgrimages. Dr. Morin's "saints" are men who have cast a halo about Canadian history, men whom historical societies have honoured by affixing commemorative plaques to buildings associated with their names, in the city and on the island. Dr. Morin takes us to these plaques, one hundred and twenty of them, and makes us read them. He also tells us of a score or more projected but not erected and several which have been demolished.

Professor Louis Bourgoin has inaugurated a new kind of history. Under the title of *Histoire des sciences et de leurs applications* he has collected three volumes of radio talks, amazing for their human interest as for density of substance, on scientists, inventions, and the development of scientific ideas from antiquity to the nineteenth century.

Yet another kind of history is touched upon in M. Paul Bouchart d'Orval's *Au cœur de la Huronie:* Indian history as it comes to light through archaeological research. The author is naturally interested in the subject since an ancestor of his was surgeon at the Huron Mission, but his principal theme is the archaeological discoveries made at Fort Sainte-Marie, near Midland, Ont., by Mr. Wilfrid Jury, curator of the Museum of Indian Archaeology at the University of Western Ontario.

VIII

In 1948 the Institut Canadien of Quebec celebrated its hundredth birthday. Greetings were brought by representatives of learned societies far and near and the occasion was marked by speeches, banquets, and visits to historic buildings. The object of the Institute is to preserve and promote French traditions in America, by its libraries, periodical lectures, recitals, and concerts. The list of lecturers is brilliant. "The Institute," says its secretary-archivist, "is justly recognized as a generating centre of humanism and intellectual culture. In our archives are preserved the works of its founder, historians, scientists, and orators. If their lectures and writings were collected into volumes, they would constitute an eloquent testimony of their wisdom and erudition." Another society, the Musical and Literary Club of Montreal, has published eight lectures delivered before its members in the season 1949-50. The talks were mainly on literary figures: Chateaubriand, Antoine de Saint Exupéry, Racine, Hugo, Anatole France.

In this miscellaneous section, we may note a few books designed by their authors to give impressions of countries not their own. During his visit to Spain, described in *Au delà des Pyrénées,* M. Paul Toupin noted two features of the Spanish soul: loneliness and the sense of death. Spain will always be a solitude; all its arts are arts of solitude. "What I like about my profession," said the bullfighter Angel Peralta, "it is death that one kills" and he recalled the word that Manolete, bathed in his own blood and already delirious, addressed to the conquering bull: "Come death, till I strike you on the forehead."

Le Québec par l'image, by the well-known French geographer Professor Raoul Blanchard, is a popular work containing numerous photographs and brief studies of the physical features of the province, movements of population, and the various geographical regions from Gaspé to Abitibi.

We shall close the survey with a note from a book entitled *Canada XX^e siècle,* by His Excellency the French Ambassador to Canada, M. Francisque Gay. As a French editor, journalist, and minister he has interesting things to say about national unity, religious denominations, and higher education. M. Gay traversed the country and found many proofs of a "new spirit": a consciousness on the part of the people that two languages are in use in this country. "It is at last sincerely recognized that Canada, a constitutionally bilingual nation, must furnish each citizen with the means of perfecting his mother tongue and then, but only then, encourage him to study as perfectly as he can the other language, for only in this way can real national unity be achieved."

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VII. NEW-CANADIAN LETTERS

Watson Kirkconnell

The post-war influx of representatives of the Ukrainian intelligentsia has caused the Ukrainian-Canadian output for 1949 to outnumber that of all other groups combined, many times over. This phenomenon is worthy of note. There are, for example, over fifty émigré Polish professors in Canada today, yet they have

made no effort to write books or articles except in the field of engineering. A smaller number of Ukrainian scholars, chiefly in Winnipeg and Toronto, have organized Canadian branches of their two chief learned-societies-in-exile—the Shevchenko Society and the Ukrainian Free Academy of Science—and have set on foot an active programme of publication. Perhaps this is due to the fact that the 320,000 Ukrainians of Canada are a self-conscious community, closely in touch with D.P. camps and an organized Ukrainian university outside of the Iron Curtain.

One of the new ventures of Ukrainian-Canadian scholarship is the "Slavistica" series issued in Winnipeg by the Ukrainian Free Academy of Science. Earlier numbers had been published in Augsburg, Germany, but those printed in Canada include Dr. Leonid Biletskyj's studies of Doroshenko and Shevchenko, Dr. Dmytro Doroshenko's sketch of the activities of the Shevchenko Society, Dr. Jaroslav Rudnyckyj's account of the Slavic and Baltic universities in exile, Dr. Roman Smal-Stocky's essay on *The Origin of the Word "Rus,"* and Dr. J. Byrych's *Page from Czech-Ukrainian Intercourse,* dealing with the Ukrainian Museum in Prague.

The most important single work of Ukrainian scholarship during the year is *A Modern Ukrainian Grammar* by George Luckyj and Jaroslav B. Rudnyckyj, published through a grant by the Humanities Research Council of Canada. This is the first large-scale grammar of Ukrainian for English-speaking students and is a thoroughly competent piece of work, complete with vocabularies and exercises. Dr. Rudnyckyj has also brought out, in Ukrainian, a substantial volume on *Ukrainian Orthography*. Canadians still await an English-language equivalent of the monumental *Ukrainian-German Dictionary* of Kuzela and Rudnyckyj.

Other scholarly works of the year include Dr. C. H. Andrusyshen's *Ukrainian Literature and Its Guiding Light Shevchenko,* in which he analyses the inspired quality of Shevchenko's poetry; Dr. Doroshenko's *Short Outline of the History of the Christian Church;* a three-volume posthumous edition of the musical works of the late Alexander Koshets, composer and conductor, of Winnipeg; and a *Great History of the Ukraine* issued by Ivan Tyktor. This last huge volume is the combined work of three eminent Ukrainian historians: Dr. Jaroslav Pasternak for the prehistoric period, Dr. Ivan Krypyakevich (and Mykola Holubec as reviser) for the period down to 1923, and Dr. Dmytro Doroshenko for the period 1923-48. The book is copiously illustrated. Not the least enlightening portion is that (pp. 899-930) dealing with the Ukrainian communities in the United States, Canada, Brazil, Argentina, Uruguay, and Paraguay.

The most vivid narrative ever published in Canada in Ukrainian is *At the Crossroads of Death* by Nicholas Prykhodko, an autobiographical account of his tortures at the hands of the Soviet police and his subsequent years of slave labour in a Siberian forced labour camp, cutting wood in the vast taiga region. The whole story is a nightmare of suffering and brutality, with a series of unforgettable sketches: the crowded, verminous bunks of the NKVD prison; the sadistic tortures of the nocturnal examinations, including being beaten into insensibility with a chair-leg; the agonizing train-journey to the taiga; the sudden plunge into the Arctic snow; and the miserable fate of those whose strength failed in the long merciless hours of toil in the frozen forests.

Still other Ukrainian publications of the year are Andriy Chaykovskyj's *Colonel Michael Krychevskyj,* a historical novel with its setting in the seventeenth century; a book of memoirs, *My Recollections of Long Ago, 1901-14,* by Dr. Dmytro Doroshenko; Lev Bykovskyj's pamphlet on the library of the Ukrainian State University in Kamyanets-Podilsky; a bright little one-act play called *Christmas Evening,* by Mrs. T. Koshets; two little anthologies, including both prose and verse, edited anonymously for the Trident Press; F. A. Macrouch's business year book, *Ukrainians in Canada,* with its valuable directory of business and professional men; and a couple of pamphlets, containing sermon material and greetings to immigrants respectively, issued by Ukrainian Catholic organizations.

Nine volumes, eight in prose and all issuing from the Mennonite community, have been printed in German. Bishop Jacob H. Janzen, of Waterloo, Ont., has brought out yet another *Book of Bible History* and has added a volume III to his reminiscences in *Migrant People,* dealing with Mennonite experiences in southern Russia and in western Canada. For the dialogue of such characters as "Ohmke Derksen," he falls back on the broadest of Plattdeutsch. He has also written another volume of poems, *My Rock-Garden,* composed in German except for an occasional minor item in Plattdeutsch. He explains his title as meaning that his poems have grown on hard and stony ground. They reveal piety, deep sympathies, and warm human affection rather than outstanding literary merit. Entirely in Plattdeutsch are two books by Arnold Dyck of North Kildonan, Man.: a hilarious narrative entitled *Koop and Bua Take a Trip to Toronto* and a long one-act comedy called *The Sweetheart.* The setting of this play is in a Mennonite farmhouse in nineteenth-century Russia, where an actual episode of the sort is alleged to have taken place. A farmer named Funk and his wife have a nineteen-year-old daughter, Neettje, and a twenty-year-old adopted daughter, Auntje. The former is pert, temperamental, and spoiled by her parents; the latter is subdued and dutiful. A young suitor, Hendritj, is sent by his father to the house to pay court to the daughter of the wealthy farmer. He proposes to Auntje but she thinks that it is only out of filial obedience that he speaks and so she leaves him suddenly. Neettje tries to make hay out of the situation and has some measure of success, but Auntje, who has really fallen in love with the young man, is finally won by his perseverance. A small brother and a small sister contribute to the humour of the situation. Arnold Dyck has also published in High German a fifth volume of reminiscences entitled *Lost on the Steppe.* Of similar character is a two-volume novel, *Once the Homeland,* by Peter J. Klassen, in which, by his own declaration, he mingles "Wahrheit und Dichtung" and cloaks with pseudonyms the tribulations of himself and others in Soviet Russia. An avowed purpose of the story is to rouse Canadian readers to the true character of Communism as he and his people endured it under the Bolshevik régime. Most spirited of all is *Prost Mahlzeit!* by Abram Johann Friesen, of Grünthal, Man., a series of amusing episodes dominated by "Onkel Theodor," a sort of German Autocrat of the Breakfast Table. The seventh chapter opens thus:

> Today Uncle Theodore was already sitting at the table when I entered the hotel. He was turning over the pages of an old book.
>
> When I picked up the menu, Uncle Theodore said:
>
> "I have already ordered for both of us — fish."
>
> "But I don't like fish," said I. "They have scales and an unpleasant odour."
>
> "Bah! Fish is healthy. From fish one gets cod liver oil."
>
> "But I don't like cod liver oil either. . . .

Of marked importance for the background study of the Mennonites is the history of a colony in the Middle Volga region known simply as "The Tract." This volume *Am Trakt,* issued in the "Historical Series" of the Echo Press, in North Kildonan, is a composite undertaking. The first half of the work is an abridged translation into German of a 210-page book in Russian by W. E. Surukin, published in 1923 in Pokrowsk (later Engels) and entitled *The Mennonites of the Koeppental Section of the District of the Volga Germans: Researches and Materials.* The second part consists of "notes" on the colony, prepared by Johann J. Dyck, a prominent member of the community who escaped to Canada as the Bolshevik pressure increased and who died in Laird, Sask., in 1948. The colony consisted of ten village communities, founded between 1854 and 1875. Numerous statistical tables show the substantial character of their agricultural achievements, while illustrations reveal their handsome homes, large schools, and fine church buildings. A tragic postscript to the volume tells that this colony, together with the other 600,000 inhabitants of the Autonomous Republic of the Volga Germans, were "liquidated" by the Kremlin during World War II and that even the deported fragments of the community were further destroyed in central Asia.

Icelandic scholarship is represented by pamphlet-length essays by Dr. Richard Beck on the works of Guttormur J. Guttormsson and of Benedikt Gröndal; also by four birthday sketches of Icelandic authors in the literary annual of the Icelandic National League. Here Dr. Stefán Einarsson of Johns Hopkins pays tribute to Gunnar Gunnarsson and Thorbergur Thordarson; Dr. Sigurdur Július Jóhannesson writes on the Icelandic-Canadian poet and historian, Thorsteinn Th. Thorsteinsson; and Professor Beck evaluates the poetry of Jakob Jóhannesson Smári. The same publication contains meritorious verse by Thorsteinn Th. Thorsteinsson, Gísli Jónsson, and Einar Páll Jónsson, and some interesting narrative sketches by J. P. Pálsson.

Still more important is a 300-page volume of the collected verse of the late Kristján S. Pálsson, published by his widow, Ingibjörg Pálsson, with an introduction by Gísli Jónsson. The poet was born at Signýarstad, in south-western Iceland, in 1886 and came with his parents to Canada in 1897. He lived most of his life in Selkirk, Man., where he died in 1947. His verse is of four main types: poems of nature, poems for public occasions, poems in honour of individual friends, and epigrams *(lausavisur)* coining brief comment on some person or situation. The first category is the most notable. He has caught again and again the spirit of spring or summer or autumn in western Canada, or has hymned the beauties of Manitoba and Lake Winnipeg. Deep emotion heightens the eloquence of some of his tributes to his native land, as in "Tigna drottning" (p. 17) and "Heimanmundurinn" (p. 26). That he could have a rough or a humorous side to his tongue is shown by such a poem as "Minni Herodésar" (p. 79) or the flippant "Autumn Chores" (in English, p. 291).

The only other volume of verse under review is one of entirely different provenance and character. Hava (Eve) Rosenfarb, the author, in Yiddish, of *The Ballad of the Nocturnal Woods, and Other Songs,* is a Jewess from Poland, a drawn-faced survivor of the programme of blood and fire by which Hitler exterminated six million of her co-religionists. Her *Ghetto and Other Poems* was published in 1948 and the present volume is a further instalment of the same type, with ten (pp. 15-50) of its fourteen poems listed as "Ghetto-lieder." Where Kristján Pálsson lived a long life of comfortable peace, eventful only in the growing of his numerous children up to maturity in a cheerful home, Hava Rosenfarb has supped on horrors, passed through the shadow of death in Auschwitz and Dachau, and lived precariously in the witches' cauldron of war. Yet her poetry is neither rebellious nor despairing. In the midst of life's terrors, she has found the sort of sad stability, intense but controlled, which can come only to those who take "a full look at the worst" and do not flinch. Often it seems that little was left but the will to survival, but that is clearly marked. In her poem "Regen . . . Regen . . . Regen" (p. 25), she cries out: "Rain, rain, rain, what will my tomorrow be? On what desert roads will my tears fall?" But she presently calls on life to drop its rain upon her again—"I can in days of awe still find a little joy."

A valuable volume for historical purposes is V. A. Sukhorev's *Documents for a History of the Dukhobors.* Written in Russian, it goes back systematically to basic documentation for the annals of the Dukhobors, both in Russia and in Canada. It lacks the vivid atmospheric quality of J. F. C. Wright's *Slava Bohu,* with its reekingly realistic presentation of the personalities of the Verigins; but it is a solid work and will help to supply a substantial foundation for the work of future historians. Very timely today is Sukhorev's treatment of the "fanaticism" and "terror" of an ignorant minority. His documentation of the religious faith of the sect makes it much more credible than would seem possible after Mr. Wright's lusty spirit of satire.

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REVIEWS

EVOLUTION AND THE EARLY PRAGMATISTS*

THOMAS A. GOUDGE

The flowering of New England produced no more influential growth than the pragmatic philosophy which came into being at Cambridge during the last three decades of the nineteenth century. In its early stages, this philosophy was not a single, coherent doctrine. It was rather a family of doctrines exhibiting considerable variation in content. The variation was due to the fact that the founders of pragmatism were men of diverse minds. Yet they were agreed on at least one cardinal point. All of them accepted the revolutionary implications of Darwinian evolution. and sought to give expression to these implications in their several philosophical outlooks. The result was an important chapter in the history of ideas which Professor Wiener has brought under review in his excellent study.

The main figures who contributed to the founding of pragmatism were Chauncey Wright, Charles Peirce, William James, Nicholas St. John Green, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., and John Fiske. They were designated by Peirce as the members of a "Metaphysical Club" which met in "Old Cambridge" some time in the late sixties or early seventies. It was at this Club, according to Peirce, that pragmatism first saw the light. Professor Wiener discovered, however, that absolutely no references to the Club appear in the writings, letters, or biographies of any of the other persons concerned. Grave doubts are therefore cast on the historical accuracy of Peirce's account. Moreover, since he first mentioned the Club in 1905, after the lapse of a generation, and since his allusions to it are vague, the precise birthplace of pragmatism cannot be regarded as certain. Professor Wiener justly concludes that Peirce either invented the name of the Club to symbolize his early associations, or dignified with a title a group whose meetings were so casual that no one else considered it a club. In any case, the significant thing is the way Peirce linked the genesis of pragmatism with "a knot of young men" who actually did share the same climate of ideas and mutually influenced one another.

Darwin's theory of evolution had a distinctly liberating effect on the minds of these young men. They saw it as freeing the

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**Evolution and the Founders of Pragmatism.* By PHILIP P. WIENER. With a Foreword by JOHN DEWEY. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press [Toronto: Book Society of Canada]. 1949. Pp. xiv, 288. ($6.75) individual from a rigidly mechanistic view of nature on the one hand, and from the "block universe" of absolute idealism on the other. Evolution seemed to administer a *coup de grâce* to both conceptions. For Darwin had argued that new species arise through chance variations occurring among individual organisms subjected to a changing environment. As a result of natural selection the variations which have survival-value are preserved, and the rest eliminated. This theory appeared to introduce an element of contingency into nature. It gave the individual an important role in determining the process of cosmic development. And when brought to bear on the domain of thought, it seemed to imply, as Professor Wiener puts it, "that the meaning of a theory *evolves* with its experimental applications, that all claims to truth have to be publicly verifiable and withstand the competition of prevailing ideas, and that the function of ideas is to adjust man to a precarious and changing world." These were the essential notions which the founders of pragmatism combined in the new method of inquiry they were devising.

Professor Wiener shows in detail how this new method was employed by each member of the "Metaphysical Club." His discussion makes it abundantly clear that the thinking of the early pragmatists contained many cross-currents produced by differences of training and temperament. Thus, Wright, Peirce, and James were trained in the natural sciences, whereas Fiske, Green, and Holmes were lawyers strongly interested in history and social theory. By temperament, Wright, Green, and Holmes were tough-minded; Fiske and James rather tender-minded; and Peirce a curious mixture of the two characteristics. These differences in intellectual orientation gave rise to considerable controversy over the scope of the evolutionary doctrine. Wright, Green, and Holmes wished to restrict it to the domain of empirical fact, avoiding any facile generalization which would transform evolution into a metaphysics capable of swallowing up the rich particularity and complexity of the world. For them natural science was "metaphysically neutral." Peirce and Fiske, however, thought otherwise. They believed that it was necessary to elaborate the cosmological implications of Darwinism, and hence each of them produced a doctrine of cosmic evolution whose theological overtones were in the best Hegelian tradition. Such speculative flights yielded little of permanent value. Of much greater importance was the application of the pragmatic method to specific problems. Wright's defence of the *Origin of Species* against scholastic criticisms, Peirce's discussion of scientific method, James's use of evolution in his *Principles of Psychology,* Green's analysis of causality in relation to the law, Holmes's functional interpretation of the courts—these are the typical examples of the pragmatic temper.

In a concluding chapter, Professor Wiener sums up the philosophical legacy of the founders of pragmatism. He holds that five aspects of their work were particularly important. They fostered an empirical respect for the manifoldness of existence, and emphasized the need for a plurality of concepts in tackling the diverse problems of mankind. They gave new meaning to the idea of temporal change or becoming. They encouraged the view that human knowledge is not absolute, but relative to the categories and standards achieved by humanity in its long evolutionary struggle. They stressed the ineluctable contingency of the natural world, a contingency which makes all knowledge probable and subject to revision in the future. Finally, the early pragmatists espoused a liberalism whose basis was the democratic freedom of the individual inquirer. Freedom from irresponsible authority, either of a political or of an ecclesiastical sort, they regarded as an indispensable condition of scientific progress and civilized social life.

Professor Wiener's book is a notable and scholarly contribution to the history of ideas in America. It contains not only much new material on the persons discussed, but also many fresh insights into the significance of their work. The chapters dealing with Wright and Green are especially useful because they disclose the proper stature of these neglected minds. One may hope that the book will finally dispose of the fable, popular in European circles, that the American pragmatists were mainly concerned to justify the ways of "big business" and "rugged individualism." For whatever one may think of the pragmatic philosophy, one cannot deny that the group Professor Wiener has portrayed was distinguished for its intellectual cultivation, its high-mindedness, and its unswerving devotion to truth.

CHAUVINISM OLD AND NEW*

KARL F. HELLEINER

This is a brief account, written in a popular vein, of Poland's political history, economic conditions, folkways, arts, and letters. Books of this kind serve a useful purpose, provided the author takes great care to present controversial matters in a strictly

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Poland Old and New.* By **WILLIAM JOHN ROSE. London: Bell [Toronto: Clarke Irwin]. 1948. Pp. xii, 354. ($6.50) impartial manner. Unfortunately, the volume under review raises some misgivings in that respect.

It would seem that the writer has allowed his sympathy with the long-suffering Polish people and his indignation with the German aggressors of 1939 to influence his historical judgment and to colour his presentation. Professor Rose throughout his work identifies himself with the general viewpoint of Polish historiography. If he is familiar with the works of German scholarship, he does not give any indications of his knowledge. Too often he accepts on trust rather extravagant hypotheses and interpretations propounded by nationalist Polish historians. For example, the author speaks dogmatically of "the Silesian master Wit Stwosz—called Veit Stoss by the Germans and claimed by them because he was trained in Nuremberg" (p. 237, similarly p. 49). The implication that that great medieval sculptor was of Polish origin would seem to be unfounded: nothing whatsoever is known about his birthplace, and circumstantial evidence points strongly to Nuremberg.

It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that the author has taken great pains to pass over in silence or to explain away the indebtedness of the Polish people to their western neighbours. While he speaks with great emphasis of the permanent "influence [on Polish life] of the Latin world—Roman law, the medieval church, the New Learning" (p. 14), Professor Rose has not one word of recognition for the very great contributions of German civilization to the culture of medieval Poland. The student is not permitted to learn that many Polish towns were, and long remained, communities of German burghers. Though the author cannot altogether suppress the unpleasant fact that urban life was not a native growth, he does his very best to leave his reader in the dark about its ethnic character. "Many of the townsmen were of *non-Polish* origin, and spoke a *foreign* tongue. . . . the existence of *non-Polish* elements . . ." (p. 35; my italics). It is in keeping with this tendency to play down the German influence that the author should speak of "the lofty naves of 'Dutch Gothic' " (p. 309)—a mistranslation of the technical term *Deutsche Gotik* which, if it is not deliberate, is at any rate seriously misleading. Only once are we permitted to catch a glimpse of Poland's German legacy, when Professor Rose refers to "the coming of large-scale immigration from German lands," which caused "the towns of Poland . . . to be organized on western European lines—on the basis of the *ius teutonicum*" (p. 28). But no sooner has this admission escaped the writer's pen than he tries to discount its value. "This system [the *ius teutonicum*] was, of course, not German, but an adaptation of the old-time Roman municipal system" (p. 28). *Lucus a non-lucendo?*

Though the author himself utters a word of warning against reading "back into the past meanings that were at the time not valid or understood" (p. 2, n. 1), he has not escaped this very danger. He is not altogether unaware of the "unhealthy" and "unbalanced" character of Polish nationalism (p. 102). But he does not seem to have developed a sufficient immunity against that communicable disease. Professor Rose relates with obvious satisfaction Poland's vast economic gains in the "new west," i.e. in the areas detached from Germany in 1945. But he discreetly fails to mention the outrage committed against the inhabitants of these newly acquired provinces. Surely the reader, who is told that "the value of the material wealth . . . gained in the west" "has been put by experts . . . at $9,500 million" (p. 279), would have been entitled to know that the transfer of territory was accompanied and followed by the expulsion of no less than 6½ million Germans![1] However, an oblique reference to "the still remaining Germans" who are to be "sent *home* to the Reich" (p. 279; my italics) is all that Professor Rose has to offer by way of comment on one of the greatest collective tragedies of our times. This reticence contrasts curiously with the author's passionate protest against the Yalta agreements which made the Curzon Line the eastern frontier of the new Poland, "a decision that made mock of the Atlantic Charter" (p. 276).

These critical remarks should not obliterate the merits of a book which, after all, contains a good deal of reliable information. Dissemination of knowledge about Europe's "marginal" countries should go some way towards preventing a repetition of that singularly unfortunate argument by which the Prime Minister of a great nation declined responsibility for the fate of "a far-away country of which we know nothing."

ENGLISH BLAKE*

P. F. FISHER

Whatever approach writers have taken to the works of Blake during the last thirty years, they have all agreed, in the words of Bernard Blackstone, that he is a "writer of great significance for our time." This modest tribute to their own acumen in choosing him for the subject of a book may also indicate among the literate a growing distrust of the mystical eclectic. Such an eclecticism cultivates a taste for a universal symbolism—with archetypal equations between one tradition and another—which can finally be reduced to a common meaning. This has been called the perennial philosophy, but it usually proves unsatisfactory and its advocate frequently settles for an ecclesiastical framework of belief. Others may move in the direction of natural simplicity of heart and a disdain for the intellect. Mr. Blackstone sees clearly that Blake was none of these. He says what has been said before—but may easily be repeated with profit—that Blake was an original, without being an isolated, phenomenon. The originality of his doctrine made his works the index to a point of view and not a distilled pot of message.

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[1] See Eugene M. Kulischer, *Europe on the Move: War and Population Changes, 1917-47* (New York, 1948), 285.

**English Blake*. By BERNARD BLACKSTONE. Cambridge: at the University Press [Toronto: Macmillan Co. of Canada]. 1949. Pp. xviii, 455. ($5.25)

This point of view which is original in the sense that it is derived from the individual's perception, and not merely his powers of reflection and collation, is expressed in a way which has always attracted the reader by its energy and repelled him by its apparent complexity. The complexity is partly explained by Mr. Blackstone when he emphasizes Blake's dissatisfaction with the Lockean etchings on the surface of the *tabula rasa* as an adequate revelation of the workings of the human mind. Blake combatted the earnest search for the simple solution in all things, and sought to indicate the depths and heights of the spirit of man by an elaborate but, to him, exact iconography. The security of a complacent materialism was to be disrupted by disclosing the scope of mental warfare and the energy required for it. This leads his commentator to remark on the element of paradox, or tension between the contraries, which pervades Blake's work.

The reasoner tends to resolve the contraries by a dogmatic synthesis usually achieved by the elimination of one of them. This is especially true of the moralist who is constantly deciding between what is good and what is evil. *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell* indicates that the paradox must be solved by the birth of a new life, or renewed life, and not merely by a dogmatic synthesis formulated by the reason or by some rationalization of the instincts. This touches on Mr. Blackstone's assertion that Blake has significance for our time. The notion that modern man is confused may possibly spring from his inherited insistence on a definitive solution to every paradox which he encounters. There is, however, no definitive solution to the growth of an oak—not, at least, until it dies. But it is not easy to accept the commentator's suggestion that Blake preferred to be complex and difficult on the negative grounds that his doctrine might be misinterpreted if he were less obscure and elusive. Defence against misinterpretation was no more worth his care than being "Explicit to the Idiot." Such a defence would surely stifle the energy of renewal which Mr. Blackstone asserts is the key to Blake's social radicalism and his paradoxical form of expression.

His social radicalism derived from his conviction that the arts were the conditioning force by which the prophet kept the social group from settling down into a naturalistic, and hence, fallen condition of existence. The seer who was also an artist was in a position to regenerate the heart of his society. To do this, his intellect, or his mental perception in the widest sense, must make use of the social climate of ideas. Mr. Blackstone ably describes the *milieu* of the late eighteenth century from the influence of Newton and Locke to that of Law and Swedenborg. He also relates significant social phenomena such as the Charity Schools and child labour to Blake's frequently misunderstood opinions on the education of children. In all this, he adumbrates his title, *English Blake,* a prophet without honour who insisted on serving his own country and on being, in his own way, an Englishman.

Such is the phenomenon which Mr. Blackstone set out to remove from isolation and relate to the contemporary scene and the tradition of prophetic originals. Blake is described as the "last example of the artist-craftsman, working under his own conditions but in obedience to a principle higher than his own will." No aesthete, he used art as a medium of communication. What he sought to communicate was the most complete vision of life which he could perceive, and it is, therefore, rather strange that Mr. Blackstone insists on rewriting so much of Gilchrist's life of the poet in the first part of his book. The literary critic usually examines the biography of his subject to enlarge the reader's understanding of the work. Blake outlines the stages of his development with remarkable integrity, and the events in his life add little to what he has to say. However, the exegesis of his doctrine is done with comprehension, and the reviewer was delighted to see the relationship suggested between the works of Blake and that philosophy of the east which, in Blake's own words, "taught the first principles of human perception." His achievement was partly to give a more actively Western bent to the complacent outlook of the oriental ancients—which was fundamentally his own. The "lotus-leaves" of the east, in the words which are quoted from Swinburne, are "hardened into the consistency of English oak-timber."

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